

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

TOYMAKER
LOUIS MARX



TO THE MAN WHO'S NEVER FLOWN . . .

Let the VISCOUNT be your introduction to air travel . . . for here is the ultimate in swift, smooth, quiet flight. You'll be flying the world's most modern airliner, powered by four Rolls-Royce *turbo-prop** engines and proved by more than a billion passenger miles. The quiet elegance of the VISCOUNT is preferred by experienced travelers everywhere.

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Both models have 18K gold applied figure dials.

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For all over the world, discriminating men and women feel a rare pride in giving and wearing the one watch accepted as the ultimate in classic beauty, the ultimate in high-precision.

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Armco does not make or sell these products. We produce high-quality stainless steel. Your appliance retailer, jeweler, sporting goods or hardware dealer will be glad to show you a wide variety of attractive gifts made of stainless steel.

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MIDDLETOWN, OHIO



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wings and words

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Wake up

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15 day **FREE** home trial. Offered by most dealers. Christmas gift trial period starts Dec. 26.

Model SC7759

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Rotary Electric Shavers

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TIME
December 12, 1955

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Do you really know how old you are?

BEFORE you answer this question, read this story about a boy, his mother and an elderly lady.

"How old is your son?" the elderly lady asked.

"Physically, he's 10. Emotionally, about 7. Intellectually, around 15. Counting birthdays, he will be 9 next Sunday," the mother exclaimed.

Like the little boy who was 10, 7, 15 and 9 years old, no one has a *single* age, regardless of birthdays.

This is because aging occurs in different people at different rates in different parts of the body. So, despite the calendar, in some ways you may always be "young" . . . while in other ways, you may be "older" than your years.

Everyone wants to stay as "young" as possible throughout life. Fortunately, there are ways to help retain certain youthful assets, even into the "sunset years."

Foremost among your early preparations for living long and happily are annual health examinations. Through them, your doctor can watch for clues to mental and physical impairments which, though minor today, could grow worse as time passes. Correction of any defect, at its very beginning, is the best way to help keep that defect from interfering with your future.

A younger person's health program should also include observance of good health habits. It is both possible and wise . . . to get enough sleep and rest, to eat properly, to exercise sensibly . . . and still not miss any fun during the prime of life.

After age 40, two things become very important: (1) Guarding against degenerative diseases, such as heart and blood vessel disorders, diabetes and arthritis; and (2) preparing for your retirement years.

Health examinations may, sometimes, be desirable at least *twice* a year after mid-life to help prevent, postpone or control degenerative ailments. Greater care, too, should be given to nutrition. A good, *varied* diet may help delay certain aging processes.

Naturally your living habits change as you grow older. So, to keep mentally happy, include a hobby in your plans for the leisure years.

If you are growing older (*and aren't we all?*), you might like to know some of the things many doctors recommend for those who are now 65 and older. This information is found in Metropolitan's booklet called *Your Future and You*. Just mail the coupon below for your free copy.

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LETTERS

Man of the Year

Sir:

May I, a Latin American, propose the President of the U.S. for Man of the Year?
BARBARA BURTON

La Ceiba, Honduras

Sir:

He may not be infallible, but as the harassed mother of a lively one-year-old I want to nominate Dr. Spock.

CYNTHIA BAKETEL SYSTROM
Fort Smith, Ark.

Sir:

The pen is mightier than the sword—that man of letters ("Dear Mamma") Harry S. Truman.

LOWELL WHITE

Denver

Sir:

Nikita Khrushchev—he gave the free world a most surprising new image of a Soviet leader. If Russia's intentions haven't changed, at least they have a human being to amuse and entertain the West.

MARCEL FONTAINE

Liège, Belgium

Sir:

Chief Justice Earl Warren (and he will go on to become the next President of the U.S.).

ROGER STANTON

Detroit

Sir:

How about Woman of the Year? Princess Margaret—whose single decision stirred the civilized world.

LUCILLE VENEKLASIN

Chicago

What to Eat Before Banquets

Sir:

In TIME, Nov. 28 there is a fine article about the opening of the Metropolitan Opera season and especially a revealing word picture of my husband and myself. I feel that the last paragraph of this article demands an explanation inasmuch as we are the grandparents of 15 wonderful children and far be it from me, and I am sure from TIME also, to give them false ideas as to the "naughtiness" of grandpa and grandma at the ripe ages of 75 and 55. So here is the story of the Amsterdam episode.

There was a large banquet that evening



READER MONTEUX & FRIEND

honoring Monteux's 75th birthday. Having had experience with banquets for some 50 years, the Maître decided we had better have a four-course dinner before leaving, be prepared, as it were, for the inevitable fruit cup, tasteless mashed potatoes and chicken, topped off by the usual melted ice. So we ordered an iced melon, *sole au vin blanc*, new potatoes, endive braised, Edam cheese and toasted crackers, fresh strawberry ice, and Vienna coffee with whipped cream. This is why we were late, why I am on a diet and tea, tea, tea. Why Monteux would not hurry a fine dinner for any old banquet.

DORIS MONTEUX

New York City

The President's Pronouns

Sir:

Please, when our President was just out of the hospital, couldn't someone have corrected his thanks for welcoming "Mrs. Eisenhower and I"? What will some of these culturally snooty countries think of America's grammar! And on the first page of your National Affairs [Nov. 21] section.

ORA M. WILLIAMS

Takoma Park, Md.

Sir:

How can us English teachers continue to fight the Battle of the Pronoun? Us are about to concede defeat on "it is me"—but it'll be a tough struggle before us accept "to welcome I."

BILLIE HALLBERG

San Mateo, Calif.

The Controversialist

Sir:

Concerning your Nov. 28 article on the Fund for the Republic: What I said was that I was a kind of 18th century conservative, in the sense that I wanted to keep alive today those ideas which are the finest flower of the 18th century, the ideas contained in the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the Bill of Rights. If an American who holds these views is a displaced person, the country is worse off than I had supposed.

The award of \$5,000 to the Plymouth Meeting (Pa.) library, for resisting pressure to discharge an employee, was not made by me, but by the board of directors on the recommendation of a committee of directors.

Your statement that I had said I wouldn't hesitate to hire a Communist omits one of my qualifications and omits the point. I was discussing a theoretical possibility, not something I had done or planned to do. I said that any such appointment would have to be made by the board and that I did not know what the board would do if the question arose.

The reason I was willing to answer a hypothetical question about a theoretical possibility is that the point is basic. The practice of judging people in terms of labels rather than in terms of themselves is contrary to the principles of the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the Bill of Rights. It may deprive a man of his livelihood and reputation without regard to his individual case and without due process of law. The practice of disposing of people by condemning the organizations, churches, nationalities and races to which they or their relatives or acquaintances belong is contrary to the American tradition of fair play. It cost Al Smith the Presidency. It cost Emmett Till his life.

Individuals vary widely in their understanding and adherence to the purposes of organizations they belong to. Jobs vary widely in their "sensitivity." There is a theoretical possibility that I might sometime meet some sort of Communist qualified for some sort of job. I have not met one yet and do not expect to. Yet the possibility exists.

As you pointed out, I am against Communism. I am for justice, even justice for Communists. I have stated my position publicly many times in the last 20 years.

ROBERT M. HUTCHINS

President

Fund for the Republic

New York City

Profts & Prophets

Sir:

Your Nov. 21 cover story on the New York Stock Exchange was first-rate. But you left the impression that it is necessary for participants in the Monthly Investment Plan to concentrate on a "single company." Actually, one can diversify by rotating several different stocks. Furthermore, a small investor can select any "mutual plan" (i.e., investment trust) that is listed on the "big board."

DAVID C. BAILEY

Asheville, N.C.

Sir:

The revolution in stock ownership is not being wrought by Keith Funston and his New York Stock Exchange. It is the work of thousands of service-minded over-the-counter dealers and their salesmen down

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"I HAVE THE NICEST HUSBAND"

Many a man would like to hear his wife say that. So here's a tip.

Get her one of those new kitchen telephones that hang on the wall.

Convenience is just the half of it. She'll be so proud!

It will be a conversation piece in more ways than one. Especially if it's in color.

Bell Telephone System



THE XMAS GIFT THAT RINGS A BELL. For mother, daughter, dad or son, a telephone in the kitchen, bedroom or hobby room is a swell Christmas gift...one that keeps on giving the whole year through



An experience awaits you—the excitement of being conservative

The simple, straightforward lines of the new Continental *Mark II* are almost formal in their quiet elegance. To this extent, it is a conservative motor car.

But observe how long and low and truly exciting a conservative car can be! It is an excitement you can actually *sense*—in owning it and driving it and knowing that it is your own personal possession.

And always there will be the inner satisfaction of knowing that neither time nor craftsmanship has been stinted to make the Continental *Mark II* as fine a car as America has yet known.



Continental
Mark II

thousands of Main Streets across the land. The exchange may spend more money for advertising than in the old days, but its imagination is still tightly sandwiched between Trinity Church and the East River.

MARTIN KERN

New York City

Sir:

Editor Frank Knight could find a good example of the picture cliché as reported in Time's press section (Nov. 14). Evidently the photographer wanted to show a natural unposed scene of Exchange President Funston with his family, but, unless Funston's genial smile is radiating enough heat to pop the corn, I'm afraid the family will have to go hungry. Electric corn poppers need a cord connecting them to a source of current.

JANICE MOE

Northfield, Minn.

¶ Not after the corn is popped.—Ed.

The Running Vote

SIR:

CONGRATULATIONS FOR THE NOV. 21 ARTICLE ABOUT THE EAST GERMANS VOTING WITH THEIR FEET. YOUR REPORT ON THEIR ESCAPE FROM THE COMMUNISTS MATCHES OUR INFORMATION PERFECTLY. HOWEVER WE DISPUTE YOUR CREDITING A BRITISH DIPLOMAT WITH THE STATEMENT THAT "ESCAPES ARE VOTING WITH THEIR FEET." THE L.R.C. USED THIS PHRASE SIX MONTHS AGO IN A NEW YORK "TIMES" AD WHICH WAS HEADLINED "THEY ARE VOTING WITH THEIR FEET." THIS TREND CONTINUES. ALREADY 1955 HAS SEEN MORE ACTUAL ESCAPES FROM COMMUNISM THAN ANY OTHER PREVIOUS YEAR.

ANGIER BIDDLE DUKE

PRESIDENT

INTERNATIONAL REFUGEE COMMITTEE

NEW YORK CITY

Clever Young Egg

Sir:

CVE to TIME (Nov. 14), which out-McCarthy's Mary from Harriman through Woodward to Books.

MARGARET L. BRADNER

Foxboro, Mass

Sir:

I was interested in a statement made in the review of Mary McCarthy's 4 *Charmed Life*, and I challenge its correctness. The statement was: "She [Mary McCarthy] is quite possibly the cleverest writer the U.S. has ever produced." That, it seems to me, is taking in a lot of territory. How about William Faulkner, "Papa" Hemingway, T. S. Eliot, James Hilton—to say nothing of Clarence Day and Mark Twain? I do not know how your reviewer interprets that word but, according to Webster, clever means "possessing quickness of intellect; skilful; talented."

CARRIE C. CALLAWAY

Knoxville, Tenn.

¶ Quite.—Ed.

The French Have a Word

Sir:

Having read your Oct. 31 review on General de Gaulle's *Memoirs*, may I quote Charles Péguy?

... and God said:
"My trouble . . .
And if and when the French disappear,
Some of the Things I do,
Nobody will understand."

Did your reviewer read the book?

R. L. BRUCKBERGER

Dominican

Saint Anthony's Priory
New Orleans

Freedom on Top

Sir:

In your Nov. 14 issue, you report Allen J. Ellender, the Senator from Louisiana, as saying: "He [Governor Harriman] would give away the Indian chief on top of the Capitol dome." Will someone please inform the Democratic Senator that the statue is that of *Armed Freedom* and not an Indian?

LEO P. BOTT JR.

Chicago

¶ The 19-ft. bronze goddess, *Freedom*, atop the Capitol's dome (TIME COLOR PAGES, Aug. 16, 1954) is no Indian, although she sometimes is mistaken for one because her sculptor, Thomas Crawford (1813-57), gave her a fancy, high-crested headgear. Sculptor Crawford originally designed a sort of stocking cap, called a Phrygian cap in ancient Rome, where manumitted slaves could wear it. It was widely worn in France during the Revolution, was known as the Liberty Cap, and had become a leftist symbol. Secretary of War Jefferson Davis (in charge of the Capitol's construction 1853-57) was having no Phrygian caps on the Capitol's dome.—Ed.

Poor Man's Paderewski

Sir:

I am a devoted "switcher-off" of all Liberate TV shows—I find it mystifying that women actually palpitate for this ad "curlylocks of the keyboard"—so your fracturing Nov. 21 review of his movie made me feel that all is not lost.

MAGGI C. CARROLL

New York City

Sir:

Sincerely Yours deserves praise. This magnificent movie shows that Liberace is also a fine actor. When Liberace was leaving Indianapolis recently, he very graciously posed at the airport with me and signed one of his pictures. I will never get over the wonderment of it all. I have been an active member of one of his largest fan clubs (he has over 163). We have thousands of members in ours.

VIRGINIA PONTESSO

Terre Haute, Ind.

Sir:

Your broken-beer-bottle assault on *Sincerely Yours* is priceless. I found this verse between the slates I leave near my bed every night; we have a slate-writing pollergeist in the house.

Poor Man's Paderewski

(Now doth the pampered spaniel leap
Into the ladies' laps,
To seek his priting in the shade
Of the maternal paps.)

With unburst jubiling grin
And capering aplomb,
A mountebank fastidious male
Invokes the muse of Mom,
Then 'neath the candelabrum's light
Makes dull keyboard tom-tom.

The aging moms ideally hug
Their precious little whoozums,
Thus padding to normality
Frustrated lonely bosoms
But let no carping voice be raised
To prate of prostitution;
King Humbug rules, and phoniness
Is now an institution.

W. S. CROLLY

Casadaga, Fla.

Life begins
with

PURSE SIZE \$300 • 4 OZ. \$12.50 • 1 OZ. WITH ATOMIZER \$25 • 2 OZ. \$40 • PLUS TAX • LANVIN PARFUMS • PARIS

APRIL



Boeing's Jet Stratoliner circles over Washington, D. C., at 30,000 feet, 238 minutes after leaving Seattle.

Coast to coast and back—in 486 minutes!

Seattle to Washington, D. C.—238 minutes. Washington to Seattle—248 minutes. Those history-making records were set by the Boeing 707 jet prototype on October 16. In each direction—west-to-east and east-to-west—the sleek Boeing, America's first jet transport, clipped more than two hours off the best previous time made by any transport plane!

Naturally the round-trip flight made front-page news. But the important fact about it, possibly missed

by some readers and televiewers, was that this was a routine flight—one of scores made by the Boeing 707 in more than a year of constant testing. The 707 is not just an idea on a drawing board. It is a *real airplane*, with brilliant performance that has already been thoroughly proved in the air.

Pan American World Airways will bring you the first transocean jet service—in the spring of 1959. American Airlines will start the first transcontinental jet service—in June, 1959.

Both of them, of course, with Boeing 707 Jet Stratoliners.

These early—and first—jet transport services will be possible because Boeing was the one manufacturer with enough faith in jet transports to build, and prove, a prototype airplane with its own money.

There is only one first jet transport in America. It is the Boeing Stratoliner, backed by Boeing's experience in building and flying more big, multi-jet aircraft than any other company.

BOEING
JET STRATOLINER



For men who want **extra retirement income**

TODAY—If you have been unable to start your retirement plans at an earlier age—or if you want to increase your present retirement program—John Hancock offers you unusual advantages... and economies!

Naturally, it requires more dollars to start retirement income plans as you grow older. But now, with John Hancock's special low-cost program—you can still afford to start a whole new retirement plan, or add to the one you already have... even if you are middle-aged!

Secret of this unusual opportunity is John Hancock's cost-reducing simplification of procedures. It gives you additional retirement income at a price that fits your budget!

For actual dollars-and-cents demonstration of how this plan can revolutionize your retirement ideas, be sure to see your John Hancock agent. He'll show you how you can start a retirement program—or increase your present plans—all at John Hancock's special low costs.

John Hancock
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

DEDICATED TO THE INDEPENDENCE AND
FREEDOM OF EVERY AMERICAN FAMILY

Suggestion to a wife whose husband is taking a trip this fall to **EUROPE**, the **NEAR** or **FAR EAST, AFRICA...**

KLM's FAMILY TRAVEL PLAN SAVES UP TO \$330 ON YOUR TICKET!



... so why not both go?

Two can fly as cheaply as one! Well, almost. You — and he — will agree the savings offered by the KLM Family Travel Plan are substantial... enough to make possible that wonderful trip together this fall. Take along the children, too, and save. Here are the low fares and savings.

EXAMPLES OF FAMILY TRAVEL FARES

To Amsterdam, Brussels, Paris (Nov. 1 to Mar. 31)

FROM N. Y.	TOURIST CLASS Round Trip	YOU SAVE	SE LUXE CLASS Round Trip	YOU SAVE
Head of Family	\$518.00	\$ 40.00*	\$726.00	\$ 30.00*
Wife	318.00	240.00	428.00	330.00
Children (12 yrs. and under)	318.00	240.00	428.00	330.00

*Savings over high season fares
 (Children under 12 save 50% of Head of Family Fare. Infants under 2 save 90%.)

TOTAL SAVINGS

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F-12

MISCELLANY

The Guilty Flee. In Jonesboro, Ark., Mrs. R. J. Barnhoft was arrested for drunkenness when she drove into a service station dragging a driverless pickup truck by the rear bumper of her car, and whispered darkly to the attendant: "I wish you'd check that guy behind me; I think he's drunk."

On Probation. In North Bergen, N.J., Superintendent of Schools Walter A. Miller Jr. reported to the board of education that George Scheuermann, 80-year-old chief truant officer, appointed to the post in 1910, has not been showing up for work, concluded soberly: "Our investigation shows that he is not the best man for the job."

Comforts of Home. In Hoehenrain, Germany, after police barred Broom Maker Hans Christian Sachsenhammer from local bars because of excessive drinking, Sachsenhammer's wife petitioned to have the ban lifted, explained: "Now he has his beer delivered to the house, throws the empty bottles at the children and works even less than before."

Supercharger. In Lancaster, Ohio, Robert Lewis, 27, lost the keys to his car, fetched a length of wire from the garage to get his engine started, learned while recovering from burns in the Lancaster Hospital that he had picked out a fuse wire with a dynamite cap on it.

Frozen Assets. In Piedimonte Dalife, Italy, after surgeons opened her stomach and removed a bunch of keys, Addolorata Carbonelli, 42, explained that she had swallowed them to prevent her husband from opening the corner cupboard and squandering the family savings hidden there.

The Hard Sell. In Dungannon, North Ireland, Auctioneer George Smith started to close a bid, shouted, "Going once... going twice," dropped from sight when the floor collapsed.

Character Witness. In Miami, five days after he fled from his job in a Hamilton, Ont. shoe store with the contents of the cash register, Robert Happy, 17, strolled into a specialty shop to buy a gun, blandly flashed his shoe-store identification card, was arrested as soon as the identification was checked with his former boss.

Capital Gains. In London, William E. Hughes was acquitted of charges of failing to pay taxes after he explained that he had saved \$16,800 out of his \$56-a-week salary by shaving with his brother's razor blades, wearing his father's clothes, charging his grandmother 12% interest on money she borrowed, eating everything on the table even if he did not want it, never going out with women, never taking a holiday trip that cost more than 56¢.

Gift for the
man who
gets what
he wants



NEW
FLIP-TOP
BOX

Firm to keep
cigarettes
from crumpling.
No tobacco
in your
pocket.



Marlboro

THE NEW FILTER CIGARETTE FROM PHILIP MORRIS

Lord Calvert in its brilliant new gift decanter, will flatter every man

on your gift list...because only Lord

Calvert says "To a Man of Distinction".

GIFT DECANTER BY GEORGE NELSON FOREMOST AMERICAN DESIGNER



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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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TIME, DECEMBER 12, 1955

PUBLISHER'S LETTER



WEEKES AND MANFRED GOTTFRIED

Dear TIME-Reader:

N. Kenya, Chief of Foreign Corre-
spondents Manfred Gottfried went
with Johannesburg Correspondent Ed-
ward Hughes to Nyeri, not long ago
the center of Mau Mau activity. Gone
were the barricades, gun emplacements,
and the black tent where captured ter-
rorists were hanged. After strolling
quiet streets, lunching at the famous
Ouspain Hotel, and watching golfers
on velvety fairways at the edge of the
bush, Gottfried remarked: "Why, this
looks about as wild and woolly as a
Connecticut village." Right after he
left, a new emergency arose: three
great buffaloes, most vicious of all
African game, crashed into Nyeri,
killed a woman, injured a child and
chased everyone indoors. "Just like
Connecticut," said Hughes.

"Gott" was on his annual tour of
our foreign bureaus. In eight weeks, he
journeyed to some countries in Eu-
rope, Africa and South America with-
out adventure, he reports. Since 1947,
he has spent about two months each
year visiting Time Inc.'s 15 foreign
bureaus, most of the 64 staff corre-
spondents and many of the 122 stringers
(special correspondents). His do-
main is a major part of our news ser-
vice, which operates more Teletype cir-
cuits than any other single publishing

concern, and rates among the top four
news agencies of the world. Time Inc.'s
130 correspondents and 282 stringers
throughout the U.S. and the world
pour almost 1,000,000 words per issue
into our New York offices. This mas-
sive coverage by our own reporters
supplements some 1,794,000 words
from other news agencies; it gives our
editors detailed research and guidance,
which in turn give a TIME story its
breadth, depth and significance.

Main reasons for Gott's travels are
to keep correspondents in touch with
the editors' thinking, to meet the
statesmen and other leaders with
whom correspondents deal locally, and
to go over such problems as communi-
cations difficulties (censorship in some
areas), antiquated transportation, cur-
rency exchanges and quick visas. This
means busy, schedule-filled days. Of
this type of travel, Gott says: "It's
stimulating, but not for fun."

Though this year's trip was without
adventure, it had its moment of ro-
mance. Gott arrived in London just in
time for the surprise wedding of Cor-
respondent Richard Weekes and Re-
searcher Ava Smith. Genially, Gott
played host at the wedding party, serv-
ing champagne and viands in our new
TIME-Life Building.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

INDEX

Cover Story.....	92	People.....	41
Art.....	84	Press.....	81
Books.....	108	Radio & TV.....	44
Business.....	92	Religion.....	88
Cinema.....	102	Science.....	50
Education.....	68	Sport.....	61
Foreign News.....	26	Theater.....	67
Hemisphere.....	34		



THE SHOT THAT WILL BE SEEN AROUND THE WORLD

The big count-down has begun. In something less than 6,000 working hours, a voice will toll off the final seconds to a zero count that will commence the greatest adventure in our time.

That zero count will launch ESV VANGUARD—the Earth Satellite Vehicle that is to take its place in history as man's first exploratory step in the conquest of the final frontier—space itself.

VANGUARD is the name assigned to the scientific satellite project announced on July 29 by the White House, the National Academy of Sciences, the National Science Foundation, and the Secretary of Defense. The total project is a joint Army-Navy-Air Force program under Navy management.

Because of a ten-year record of experience in upper-air research as builders of the Viking Rocket series for the Navy, on September 23 Martin was awarded the prime contract for the major part of the project, the satellite launching vehicle. Martin has awarded the subcontract for the first-stage rocket motor to General Electric, and subcontracts for certain additional critical components will be announced.

The small, earth-circling unmanned satellite will be carried in the final stage of a multi-stage rocket launching vehicle. The system will be launched some time during the International Geophysical Year (July, 1957–December, 1958).

Although the exact characteristics of the satellite itself have not been determined, it will be large enough to carry essential research instrumentation and to be tracked from the ground by optical and radio devices. It will in fact be both seen and heard around the world.

The satellite will be established in its orbit around the earth in this general manner: The launching vehicle will consist of a three-stage rocket. The first stage will propel the assembly on the initial segment of its flight. At burn-out, the first stage will drop off, and the second stage, in controlled deflection from the vertical, will continue the satellite upward. The final rocket stage, carrying the satellite proper, will achieve a top speed of about 18,000 mph—sufficient to establish the satellite in its orbit, there to continue on its own momentum. This high velocity will balance the earth's gravitational pull.

The satellite's orbit will be slightly elliptical, with its nearest approach to the earth (perigee) about 200 miles distant. It will circle the earth approximately once every 90 minutes for several days. The slight but cumulative drag from atmospheric molecules at the 200-mile altitude will bring the satellite gradually closer to earth. And, finally, the friction of the denser atmosphere will cause it to disintegrate, much in the fashion of a "shooting star."

Detailed information on this historic adventure into space will be shared with the scientists of some forty nations participating in the IGY.

Thus one day soon, in the hour before sunrise, as men the world over train their binoculars upon a brilliant point of light in the sky, they may well reflect upon the universality of man's faith in the infinite future of man.

It should be an immense moment in history, and we are extremely proud of our responsibility in helping to bring it about.

MARTIN
BALTIMORE



Manhattan Docoma, a luxurious new blend of Dacron and combed Egyptian cotton, washes easily, dries overnight, needs no ironing.

Take the shirt that travels light—Manhattan® Docoma

Now travel light with *Manhattan Docoma*, the Dacron® and cotton wash 'n' wear shirt in the soft, new, year-round weight. One or two are all you need on any trip. A quick sudsing and rinsing and your Docoma shirt will dry overnight on a hanger . . . neat, clean, wrinkle-free. (If you'd rather, you can send Docoma to a commercial laundry.) Something else

is noteworthy about Docoma, too. It's the Golden Needle® label, the special designation that Manhattan reserves for its finest products. Manhattan Docoma shirts cost \$7.50† and come in white, blue, corn, pink, tan and mint. Also in sportshirts, undershorts, pajamas. Her Lady Manhattan Docoma shirt, \$8.95†

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†The Pure Polyester Fiber. †Prices slightly higher in the West.



P. S. Manhattan Docoma makes a marvelous Christmas gift for anyone.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

REPUBLICANS

"If He Feels He's Able"

In Washington one night last week, Republican National Chairman Leonard Hall summoned a cluster of advisers to an urgent conference. Chairman Hall was going to see the President of the U.S. the next day, and he knew that what he said after their meeting would be subjected to microscopic analysis around the world. Hall did not expect to get a commitment about Dwight Eisenhower's political intentions, but he wanted to come out of the President's office with word that would help to maintain the suspense until the time comes for "Yes" or "No." After long and careful discussion with his staff, Leonard Hall decided what he would say.

Before dawn the next day, the G.O.P. chairman rolled out of Washington toward Gettysburg in a black limousine. At 10:15 he was ushered into the President's temporary office in the Gettysburg post office. It was the first time the President and his staff officer in charge of politics had conferred since Sept. 10, two weeks before the heart attack. After 45 minutes, a smiling Leonard Hall emerged, and happily threw away the script he had so carefully prepared.

He Didn't Say No. Would the President run for re-election? Hall answered with by far the holdest words he had permitted himself to use since Sept. 24: "I think he will, if he feels he's able." For 25 minutes after that, the correspondents probed and pried and dug at the G.O.P. chairman, but he did not budge from his position. "I can only give you my opinion," he said. "I did not get anything directly or indirectly. He did not say 'Yes' and he did not say 'No.' I feel encouraged."

Leonard Hall did not tell the reporters what encouraged him the most. During their 45 minutes, he told Dwight Eisenhower what he planned to say to the press. Significantly, the President told him to make it stronger, to be more optimistic. Hall was more than happy to comply. Reporters and politicians were inclined, like Hall, to make some adjustments in their calculations about 1956.

From the moment Hall made his statement, the utterances of all men close to the President were examined with new interest. At a dinner of the Advertising Council in Manhattan, White House Chief of Staff Sherman Adams had his listeners hanging on every syllable as he

said that the very first time he saw the President after the attack, Ike told him: "If the doctors here didn't tell me differently, I would think this heart attack belonged to some other guy."

"Everything in My Power." When G.O.P. leaders from all over the U.S. gathered during the week in Chicago to plan for the 1956 national convention, the

Both strategy and precedent* are on the side of delay. If the President decides to run, the time factor is unimportant. If he decides not to run, an early announcement might please Bill Knowland, but it would not do much for the nation or the party. An announced decision not to run would diminish the President's influence at home and abroad, and would



United Press

CHAIRMAN HALL & PRESIDENT EISENHOWER
After 45 minutes, some adjustments in calculations.

big question hung over every word and act. The faithful listened politely to speeches by Cabinet members, but they preferred to talk quietly and earnestly about what any of their number had heard from Gettysburg. They were cheered by but not entirely sure how to interpret the message they received from Dwight Eisenhower: "I personally am proud of Republican achievements for the peace and the prosperity and the security of the American people. I shall do everything in my power next year to help you report the record accurately and fully to the country."

While they were nervous, most Republican leaders were willing to let the President take his own time about deciding and announcing. Only California's Senator William Knowland counseled that the President should speak up soon, "to give the party and the country ample notice."

set off a shooting match in the G.O.P. Delay would give Ike and the men around him greater opportunity to influence the choice of a nominee.

Dwight Eisenhower must undergo a series of tests, both in the hospital and on the job, before he can be sure about the degree of his recovery. As of last week, there was every indication that he has an open mind about 1956. On personal and political grounds, the most likely prospect is that Ike will take his time about announcing his 1956 intentions.

* In 1940 Franklin Roosevelt did not announce that he was a candidate, told Democrats on July 16 that he was not a candidate, was nominated the next day. In 1944 Roosevelt announced on July 11, a week before the Democratic Convention began, that he would accept a fourth term. Harry Truman announced on March 8, 1948 that he would run, revealed on March 29, 1952 that he would not.

HEART ATTACK VICTIMS

They Can and Do Come Back

As the possibility that President Eisenhower might run increased in speculative calculations last week, attention inevitably turned on other busy men who returned to their jobs after heart attacks. The value of these cases as precedents is limited by the fact that there is no job comparable to that of Chief Executive of the U.S.



Jimmy White

WHITE



Paul White

CAFF



Ed Johnson

STALIN



Joseph Stalin

JOHNSON



Lyndon Johnson

LEWIS



John Lewis

CANTOR



Eddie Cantor

AMONG the most robust of U.S. politicians is Mississippi's 74-year-old Governor **Hugh White**, who was stricken with coronary thrombosis in 1938, while serving his first term in office. (He was elected again in 1951.) Eleven weeks later, White went back to work. "I had a special session of the legislature on at the time," White recalls, "and the next year I was out stumping all over the state, trying to get Senator Bilbo's seat in Washington. That was no easy job. I lost the election—but it wasn't because I wasn't speaking in every little town in Mississippi." Says White today: "My health is perfect—couldn't be finer." Another governor, Colorado Democrat **Ed Johnson**, had a heart attack last September, has since resumed most of the duties of his office, while Texas' Democratic Senator **Lyndon Johnson** is again a man in motion after a severe coronary last July. Johnson has every expectation of returning to his post as the Senate's majority leader, although he plans to delegate more of the work than he did before.

Some foreign political leaders have also returned to action after heart attacks. Pakistan's Prime Minister **Chaudhri Mohamad Ali*** had a heart attack in 1952, when he was Finance Minister. Brazil's **João Café Filho** has recovered from his November heart attack at least to the point of demanding—without success—that he be given back his job as President. Canada's **M. J. Coldwell**, leader of the CCF (Socialist Party), was a heart patient three years ago, stayed in politics, and just last week completed a tour in which he made 50 speeches in eight of Canada's ten provinces. Says Coldwell: "My medical reports are excellent, and I never felt better in my life."

It seems more than possible that **Joseph Stalin** survived to trouble the world for at least eight years after a heart attack. Recalling a banquet at the Potsdam Conference in July 1945, Harry S. Truman wrote in his recent memoirs: "I was seated next to Stalin, and I noticed that he drank from a tiny glass that held about a thimbleful. He emptied it frequently and replenished it from a bottle he kept handy. I assumed that it was vodka, which everybody else was being served, and I began to wonder how Stalin could drink so much of that powerful beverage. Finally I asked him, and he looked at me and grinned. Then he leaned over to his interpreter and said, 'Tell the President it is French wine, because since my heart attack I can't drink the way I used to.'" Stalin died March 5, 1953, of a cerebral hemorrhage.

Commerce Secretary **Sinclair Weeks** was stricken twelve years ago with angina pectoris, a condition less likely to cause permanent heart damage than coronary thrombosis. Weeks now considers himself

fully recovered, works a five-day week from 8:15 a.m. to 6:30 p.m.

In other fields, **John L. Lewis** was hit by coronary thrombosis last September. The **Ago Khan** had a heart attack last February. Comedian **Eddie Cantor**, since his attack in 1952, has filmed 30 television programs and taped 260 radio shows. However, Cantor does avoid the tension involved in live TV performances in his shows. ("Ida's feeling was that she'd rather have a live husband.") Actor **Lee** (*Death of a Salesman*) **Cobb** suffered his second attack last June, plans to return to work this week. **Charles Henry** ("Doc") **Strub**, managing director of California's Santa Anita race track, has survived three heart attacks and, apparently hale and hearty, at 71, feels "better today than I've felt for the last 15 or 20 years." His last seizure was in 1945. Says Strub: "I drink only moderately now."

One of the warmest, most encouraging accounts of personal experience with heart disease comes from a businessman: **Victor Cullin**, a vice president of the Chicago Title & Trust Co. "It was Sept. 18, 1948, a Saturday," says Cullin. "At about noon I was on the eleventh hole when I felt this pain in my chest. As I stooped over to pick up my ball, I thought maybe I had been smoking too many cigarettes—at the time, two or three packs a day. I finished the hole, and by the time I was on the twelfth, I was perspiring. I drove the 13th, but I realized I was through."

"The doctor adjusted me mentally, the most difficult part of the treatment. He had to tell me I was through smoking and would have to lead a regimented life. I've just eliminated the side phases of my job and continue to develop trust business. Since the attack, I've gotten a nice reputation for writing and congratulating new victims over their 'coronation.' I tell them how lucky they will be to be living nice clean lives. They can join the North Shore Coronary Circle—that's a bunch of commuters—or the Chicago Cardiac Club. The Coronary Circle is restricted to those who ride the 4:15 out of Northwestern station. We call that train the 'Coronary.' It's the only train that has an elevator meeting it at Winnetka. If you can't take the kidding, you're not getting along well. The whole trend in treatment is to kid about it. My first reaction was to keep my attack quiet. My doctor said, 'We will like hell. I'm going to put it in the papers'—and he did. In that way, you're relieved of the secret."

"Nowadays I carry on as before. I watch my weight—just eating less, not dieting. I don't play golf, but I could if I rested after each hole—but that's not much fun. I've taken up woodwork—carpentry, that sort of thing. I do a little light fishing, a lot more reading: I play gin rummy, poker, bridge. My work is better since I concentrate more on the main job; I can take four ounces of liquor in a day if I want it. . . . I don't lead a subdued life at all."

* Not to be confused with Pakistan's Ambassador to the U.S., **Mohammed Ali**, who had a mild coronary thrombosis in October 1953, when he was Prime Minister.

THE PRESIDENCY

Plowing & Politics

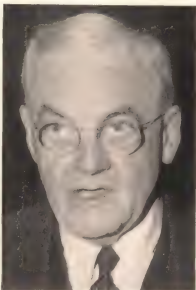
On the farm outside Gettysburg, the thermometer stood at 25°, and the President's breath blew white in Pennsylvania's crackling morning air. He was the picture of the gentleman farmer, in crepe-soled shoes, brown slacks, soft blue sweater, suede sport coat, cashmere scarf and broad Stetson. From the house he walked 300 yards (the last 100 uphill) to a spot near the barn, there to receive a gift that any farmer would welcome.

Representatives of Farm Bureau Cooperative Associations in Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania had brought him a new tractor and deep tillage plow. It was a handsome pair. The 47-h.p. tractor, in fire-engine red and cream yellow, was the first 1956 model off the assembly line of the Cockshutt factory at Bellevue, Ohio. Equipped with a pushbutton radio for standard and short-wave broadcasts, a cigarette lighter on the dash, hydraulic controls, the tractor would retail for \$4,000. Commenting that "two-thirds to three-quarters of my top soil now is in the Atlantic Ocean, or somewhere between here and there," Farmer Ike asked if the moldboard plow would cut 14 inches deep, was assured that it would go down 16 inches. He was anxious to ask his doctors how soon he could test his gift. "I always had ideas about what I would do when I got to the farm," he said, "but now I guess all I can do is drive a tractor."

"Mooooo." "Now I'm going to show you something," said the President, after he thanked his friends for their gift. He led them over to the fence of a feed lot where his 18 purebred Aberdeen Angus and two Holstein cattle were chewing their cud. "Now let 'er go Dick!" he called to his driver Dick Flohr, who was seated in the President's special Crosley runabout. Driver Flohr touched a button and a horn let out a deep "mooooo." While host and guests laughed, the cattle rushed up to answer the call, which the President's farmers often use at feeding time. Said Ike: "When you want to see some of the herd, you just blow it, and by golly, they come up."

A few hours later, the animal population of the Eisenhower farm was increased by one, as the President accepted another gift. J. R. Lackey of Asheville, N.C., and his son Tommy, 14, drove in with a brown and white pony, five years old, in a horse van. The pony, a special breed out of a quarter horse by a five-gaited pony stallion, was a gentle, sensible animal 12 hands high. A present for the Eisenhower grandchildren, it was aptly named Little David.

The "Headlights." For the President of the U.S., the week was by no means all guests bearing gifts. One day he rode 25 miles up to Camp David to meet with the National Security Council. Most of the NSC members were flown to the camp, as the Cabinet was flown the previous week, in Army helicopters. (Asked what he thought of the Army's helicopter tech-



SECRETARY DULLES

Inevitable criticism, inevitable reaction.

nique. General Nathan Twining, Air Force Chief of Staff, waved a big cigar and cracked: "They'll learn after a few years.") The meeting was on military matters—strength of forces and budget. Next day, in his office at the Gettysburg post office, the President worked over the same subject with Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson and Admiral Arthur Radford, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

All week long, important callers moved in and out of the Gettysburg office, where two-inch, bulletproof glass in heavy steel frames had just been placed over the windows. Marion Folsom, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, and Budget Director Rowland Hughes went in to talk about the HEW budget. Massachusetts' wise, cowed Representative Joe Martin, 71, Republican leader of the House, and California's pin-neat, trim (down 25 lbs., to 108) William Knowland, minority leader of the Senate, went in for separate conferences on legislation, with incidental attention to politics. Each talked to the President about what Martin called the "headlights" of the Administration's program for the next session of Congress: including highways, school construction, taxes, trade, foreign relations and farm policy.

At week's end the President was out in the open again, carrying a .410 gauge shotgun along a hedgerow, on the hunt for whatever legal game he might flush. Safely behind rode Grandson David Eisenhower in the pony cart.

Last week the President also:

¶ Earmarked \$1,500,000 in additional emergency funds (previously earmarked: \$1,000,000) for relief and rehabilitation in North Carolina areas hard hit by this year's hurricanes.

¶ Appointed, as Ambassador to Thailand, Career Diplomat Max Waldo Bishop, 47, who succeeds the late John E. Peurifoy.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Out of Bounds?

"I have received intimations," said Secretary of State John Foster Dulles at his news conference last week, "that there might be some interest in my view about foreign policy in the coming campaign." To satisfy this interest, Dulles had prepared a statement about the extent to which he thought foreign policy should—or should not—become a 1956 campaign issue. Debate on foreign policy, said Dulles, "should be welcomed so long as it is constructive and conducted in such a manner as not to endanger our nation. It needs to be remembered that those hostile to the U.S. and its ideals are not going to take a vacation so that we here can safely concentrate on a domestic political battle . . . Our nation will need the same bipartisan unity which in the past has given authority, vitality and much success to our foreign policies."

The Question Marks. Dulles' remarks came against a freshening wind of Democratic attacks on the Republican Administration's conduct of foreign affairs. Leading the critics are the three top candidates for the Democratic nomination for President. In Chicago, Adlai Stevenson recently warned that the U.S. foreign-policy situation "is more perilous than it has been since Korea." Said he: "Certainly we must have learned by now that peace and security cannot be had for the asking, or by slogans and tough talk, or by blowing alternately hot and cold, rash and prudent." Added Tennessee's Senator Estes Kefauver: "In the conduct of our foreign policy, the Eisenhower Administration has in a large measure been a failure." Cried New York Governor Averell Harriman: "By the time the Republicans took office in 1953 they were utterly incapable of carrying on a coherent and consistent foreign policy geared to the needs of the century . . . The Summit conference in Geneva was a great Communist victory."

As the campaign season warmed up, such criticism was inevitable. So, too, was the Republican reaction, which consisted mostly of insisting that foreign policy, as a bipartisan matter, should be placed out of bounds to partisan political debate. Thus both President Eisenhower and Vice President Richard Nixon praised as an example of high statesmanship a recent plea by Georgia's Democratic Senator Walter George for a continued "nonpartisan American foreign policy." Republican Harold Stassen, returning from three weeks in Europe, wore a pained expression as he said that Stevenson's criticisms have "raised and stirred up question marks all over Europe." The Europeans, said Stassen, "have known that the Eisenhower-Dulles foreign policy is bipartisan. Therefore they are puzzled and perplexed by Mr. Stevenson's recent voice of strange dissent to our policy."

The Legitimate. To such G.O.P. reaction, and to the plain fact that whether the Republicans like it or not, their conduct of foreign affairs will be an issue in

the 1956 campaign, New York *Timesman* Arthur Krock last week addressed himself. Wrote Pundit Krock: "Republicans who have been indicating that international perils require the opposition not to attack even the measures and methods by which foreign policy is being conducted by the Administration would sound a little more grown up if they would acknowledge the realities of politics in a free land and the duty of the party out of power. In doing that, they would also be standing by their own party record as the opposition, particularly in 1953. The general objectives of American foreign policy are what they have been ever since leadership of the free world was thrust upon this country." And opposition attacks upon the manner in which the Administration seeks to attain these objectives are, said Krock, "historic, legitimate and inevitable in the American political system."

In fact, Krock noted, it would not even be good politics for the Republicans to take foreign policy out of the campaign. For perhaps the greatest asset of the G.O.P. derives from the very heart of foreign policy—and the fact that since 1953 the U.S. has not been at war.

AGRICULTURE

The Moon & Six Points

Out of the political mist enshrouding U.S. farm policy, doughty Ezra Benson emerged last week with a plan for shrinking overproduction. His plan would keep flexible price supports but would go beyond them by paying farmers to switch from surplus-making crops to soil-building grass and trees. Apart from its agricultural soundness, which came first with stubborn Ezra Benson, the "soil-bank" proposal looked like a political convincer. It was not a new plan; the New Deal put a similar scheme into effect from 1936 to 1943. But coming from Benson, it was evidence that the Secretary's inflexible opposition to inflexible price supports was no satanic scheme to impoverish U.S. farmers.

The soil-bank proposal was one of six points that Benson, addressing the Republican National Committee in Chicago, outlined as the basis of his legislative program in 1956. The others:

- ☛ More exports to dispose of surpluses.
- ☛ More U.S. purchases to lighten immediate market gluts.
- ☛ More attention to low-income farm families.
- ☛ More Government and business research in new uses of farm products and in new markets.
- ☛ More speed in the Great Plains development program for sounder use of land.

Income from Conservation. From the total 356,250,000 U.S. acres now sown to non-sod crops, the soil-bank plan would take 16 million out of production in the first twelve months of a 15-year, \$1.4 billion program aimed at eliminating 23 million acres. An eventual total of 1,000,000 U.S. farmers would be paid up to \$5,000 a year, get \$15-\$20 an acre for

cover-crop seeds, plus annual payments of 5%-7% of the appraised value of the land they convert.

Said Benson: "Its impact will be chiefly in areas where topsoil is being wasted in growing crops not needed by today's markets. It will mean better soil and water conservation [and] added income." While the last item was the key for farmers, the emphasis on conservation was a key to the plan's legality. Not forgotten was the adverse Supreme Court ruling in 1936 on the early Agricultural Adjustment Act, held unconstitutional because it paid farmers outright to restrict production.

"Not Going to Pot." The soil-bank plan, Benson warned his fellow Republicans, is "no nostrum." He called it a constructive "move in the direction we must go with a many-sided program." Indica-



BENSON & FRIEND

Not the same as plowing under pigs.

tions of the pressure on Benson were evident enough last week, when hog prices dropped to the lowest point in 14 years, and U.S. farm economists met in Washington for an annual "outlook" conference that expressed much long-range confidence but brought little news of immediate cheer. For 1956, they foresaw a continued cost-price squeeze, though not so serious as one as the 10% farm decline in 1955. Predicted the experts: if farmers want to live as prosperously through the present stage of agricultural readjustment as they did in the 1942-51 bonanza period, they must reduce savings and seek more income from nonfarm sources. Not until supply and demand are rebalanced can they expect much else.

Last week, accusing Democrats of promising farmers the moon, Ezra Benson said: "Agriculture is not going to pot, and this Administration is going to do everything that is sound and right to help American farmers."

DEMOCRATS

Metaphoric Morsel

As the 1956 campaign rolled into its preliminary stages, Democrats continued to dispute whether their line for 1956 should or should not follow the moderate tone sounded by Adlai Stevenson. But what would the line be if it were not moderate? New York's Governor Averell Harriman had a try at defining it and so did Michigan's Governor G. Mennen ("Soapy") Williams (*TIME*, Dec. 5). But both of them came over with a strident quality that reduced their effectiveness. Then, one day last week, the best non-moderate Democratic line to date was strung out by a surprising source: the satchem of Tammany Hall.

Before 300 political writers at a National Press Club lunch in Washington, Carmine De Sapio discussed foreign and economic policy at a level never before scaled by a boss of Tammany Hall. While Republicans could point to plenty of holes in the speech, it was capable campaign debating. On the platform the man who is supposed to do his work behind the scenes did better than the front men have done.

Democratic Peace. The Republicans, charged De Sapio, are attempting to "gorge the American voter on this charming metaphoric morsel—peace and prosperity. The Republicans talk of peace as if it were something which they invented and . . . which only they could safeguard. They ignore the fact that peace, as it exists today, is the direct result of the bipartisan foreign policy worked out by the Democratic Administration.

"Can the Republicans claim credit for the United Nations? Can the Republicans claim credit for the prevention of a third world war by the decisive and prompt action taken in Korea? Can the Republicans claim credit for the Marshall Plan, for the Mutual Security Program, and for the strong alliance which has developed with the democracies of the West? Can the Republicans take credit for the establishment of Israel as a bulwark for freedom in the Middle East? Or can they claim that they are responsible for checking the spread of Communism in Europe?"

Corporate Prosperity. "And what about this great prosperity—this repetitious chant which is being drummed into the minds of the American people? Is there prosperity for the small businessman who in greater number every day, is forced into bankruptcy or swallowed up in monopoly mergers? Is there prosperity for the white-collar worker whose fixed salary makes it increasingly difficult for him to make ends meet? Is there prosperity for the American farmer?"

"You and I know who has the prosperity: the large corporations, the dozen or so industrial empires which control the destinies of 165 million people. They have been given virtually complete freedom from governmental control. Their officers and directors comprise the very Cabinet of the Government. Their representatives constitute the powerful army of dollar-

a-year men in Washington who form, mold and enforce economic policy."

When Tammany Boss De Sapio was through crediting the Democrats with all of the good and the Republicans with all of the bad, many reporters at the National Press Club agreed that he had cut and laid out what might well become the pattern for the Democratic campaign of 1956.

Together Again

The Democratic week began in California, with an argument over whether Harry S. Truman had called Vice President Richard Nixon a "son of a bitch." It moved on to Alabama, where New York's Governor Averell Harriman bagged a wild turkey, and to New Orleans, where Harriman found the political hunting not so good. It covered the Florida peninsula, where Adlai Stevenson, fishing for votes, landed a sailfish and a pair of skin divers. It ended in Oklahoma City, where Democrats converged for the explicit purpose of skewering Republicans.

A Sprinkling of Blanks. Arriving in Los Angeles to speak at a fund-raising dinner for his Independence memorial library, Harry Truman was met at the airport by newsmen who asked what he thought about the chance that the Republicans might nominate Nixon for President. Truman's exact reply is a matter of controversy. The *Los Angeles Times*, with a liberal sprinkling of blanks, reported that Truman had said: "I don't like the --- ---, and I don't care who knows it." The *Los Angeles Examiner*, with equal delicacy, quoted Truman as saying: "I don't even want to discuss that --- ---. Don't even mention his name to me." Later, through a spokesman, Truman issued a deadpan denial. "I would never," said he, "say a thing like that about the Vice President of the U.S."

While past-President Truman was generating heat in California, Presidential Hopeful Harriman was setting forth on a chilly, overcast morning in McIntosh, Ala. (near the spot where New Yorker Aaron Burr was captured in 1807), for a day of hunting with his host, Democratic Representative Frank Boykin, and Alabama's Governor James Folsom. Before breakfast Harriman had shot a 22-lb. turkey; after a quail breakfast, the huntsmen took off to try their skill against the deer on Boykin's 100,000-acre preserve. Although he tried three different stands, Harriman had no luck. That afternoon Harriman spoke to some 500 who had been invited to meet and greet him at a barbecue. He was introduced by Boykin as "the next President of the U.S.—I hope." In turn, Harriman declared that Dwight Eisenhower "wasn't made for the presidency of the U.S."

Next day Harriman flew to New Orleans for a speech before the New Orleans Foreign Policy Association in the half-filled International Room of the Roosevelt Hotel. Harriman charged President Eisenhower with responsibility for the fact that "the lines of the great alliance of free people have been seriously breached"



DEMOCRATS WILLIAMS & STEVENSON IN OKLAHOMA CITY
And how are things in your precinct?

Associated Press

by the Soviet "breakthrough" at the Summit conference in Geneva last summer. When Harriman arrived in New Orleans, he had no known Louisiana supporters for President. When he left, observers could still find none.

From Jacksonville to Gainesville to Ocala to De Land to Sanford to Orlando to Miami, Adlai Stevenson was politicking in Florida and shaking hands with all the pumpike precision, but not the gusto, of an Estes Kefauver. In Gainesville he wandered about the University of Florida campus, answered questions from students, replied manfully when a fixed-up coed asked: "Mr. Eisenhower, may I have your autograph?" Grinned Stevenson: "How do you spell it?"

In a country store near Gainesville, Stevenson posed for campaign photographs while shaking hands with an old man who drawled: "Well, I voted for Ike in '52 and I guess I'll vote for him again in '56." Murmured Stevenson to aides: "I hope he changes his mind." As his motor caravan crossed the Marion-Alachua county line, Stevenson spotted a crew working on the highway; popped out of his car to shake hands all around. Near Ocala, he was riding in a glass-bottomed boat when two skin divers bobbed up alongside. Stevenson helped them aboard, shook hands, and asked: "How are things down in your precinct?"

Everywhere he went, his reception was at least cordial, at best encouraging. Only once did he commit a bobble of sorts. That was at a Gainesville press conference, when he was asked why he thought Florida had gone for Eisenhower in 1952. Said he: "Because of Yankees and ignorance." He spent the rest of the week

trying to explain that he had not meant it as it sounded—but it did give his critics one of those small talking points that presumably make campaigns interesting. Cried G.O.P. State Chairman Harold Alexander: "There must be a lot of Yankees and ignoramuses in the country." Gruffed the *New York Daily News*: "What Adlai told these hotbloods in effect was that they either (a) have been seduced into Republicanism by a passel of Yank carpetbagger descendants of the Yanks who won the Civil War, or (b) are just a mob of ignorant clunks."

In Miami Beach, Stevenson stayed at the Rivo Alto Island home of fading Chicago Democratic Boss Jake Arvey, went deep-sea fishing and returned with a 6-ft. sailfish. The fish did not jump much, he explained later (hooking his finger into his own upper lip), because it had been hooked in the upper instead of the lower lip. It was not, said Stevenson, the biggest fish he had ever landed; he once harpooned a 500-lb. bluenose shark off the New England coast. "I was pretty well exhausted when the battle was over," he recalled.

He was pretty well exhausted, too, by the time he appeared in Miami's Bayfront Park Auditorium for a speech to the American Municipal Association. He stumbled in un-Stevensonian fashion in delivering his prepared text, often had to backtrack to get in words he omitted. The speech itself bore down heavily on his charge that the Eisenhower Administration had failed to meet the need for low-cost public housing.

The War that Never Was. It was in Oklahoma City that the peripatetic Democrats—with the exception of Harry

Truman—finally came together. At the national convention of the Young Democrats Inc., Tennessee's hard-running Senator Estes Kefauver was the keynote speaker, while Stevenson, Harriman and Michigan's Governor G. Mennen Williams, who has hopes of his own, also had a turn at the rostrum.

Kefauver's reception in the Oklahoma City Municipal Auditorium was featured by a mass of gas-filled balloons carrying the slogan: "I Like Estes Bestes." He had prepared a brief speech, planning to rush through it and catch a plane for Washington. But his flight was canceled because of inclement weather, so Kefauver stretched his talk out to considerable length. Except: "We will point to the lack of imagination, the lack of resourcefulness in meeting new conditions in

RACES

Armageddon to Go

Two thousand students from the Georgia Institute of Technology stormed through Atlanta one night last week, whooping up and down Peachtree Street, pushing aside troopers who tried to bar their way, and generally raising hell. At the State Capitol, the boys pulled fire hoses from their racks, adorned the sculpt head of Civil War Hero John Gordon with an ashecan. A dozen effigies of Governor Marvin Griffin were hanged and burned during the students' march, which culminated in a 2 a.m. riot in front of the governor's mansion.

Earlier in the day, the governor had incurred their wrath by a pinhead act: he asked the State Board of Regents to

been selling its block of tickets on a desegregated basis, and Bobby Griener, a Pitt reserve fullback, is a Negro.

Many Southern leaders and editorialists scornfully denounced Griffin's action. George Harris, president of the Georgia Tech student body, sent a telegram to the Pitt student body, apologizing for Griffin's action: "We are looking forward to seeing your entire team and student body at the Sugar Bowl." A spokesman for the governor indicated that he was having some second thoughts about the Sugar Bowl game. One of Georgia Tech's regents predicted that the board would back Griffin and adopt for future seasons a rule against playing under unsegregated conditions. But the 1956 Sugar Bowl game would be played as scheduled. "just this once."

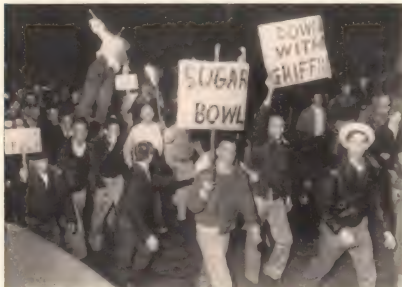
The Citizens' Council

There was an orderly meeting of solid Mississippi citizens in Jackson (pop. 117,000) one day last week. Present in the city auditorium were 2,000 planters and small businessmen, 40 state legislators, Congressman John Bell Williams and Governor Hugh White. They were well-dressed people of the sort found at Rotary meetings or dancing at the country club. This was the first statewide meeting of the Mississippi Association of Citizens' Councils. They were addressed by U.S. Senator James Oliver Eastland. His subject: school desegregation. Said he:

"We in the South cannot stay longer on the defensive. We must take the offense. We must carry the message to every section of the U.S." The Senator urged a Southern regional commission, financed by state tax money, to publicize the fight against desegregation, which he called a "monstrous crime . . . dictated by political pressure groups bent upon the destruction of the American system of government and the mongrelization of the white race." The pressure groups, he said, "run from the blood red of the Communist Party to the almost equally red of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. The drive for racial amalgamation is both illegal and immoral and those who would mix little children of both races in our schools are following an illegal, immoral and sinful doctrine."

Hardly Novel. Senator Eastland, whose message was soberly applauded 68 times and whose tax-supported commission proposal was unanimously endorsed, also paid tribute to his listeners: "No one knows better than the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People how effective the Citizens' Councils have been. No one is more aware . . . how highly contagious your organized efforts have been."

"Contagious" might seem an odd word for Eastland to have chosen, but there was no doubt that the Citizens' Councils have caught on throughout the Deep South—especially in Mississippi. Manning the ramparts against any form of racial equality are 260 new Citizens' Councils in towns across the state, with about 65,000 dues-paying members who claim alliance with similar groups in other Southern



GEORGIA TECH STUDENTS RIOTING IN ATLANTA
"The bottle is joined," cried the governor.

Robert W. Kelley—LIFE

world affairs. We will point to the bumbling, the vagueness, the indecision, and in many cases the sterile inflexibility, which has come to characterize the conduct of our foreign affairs."

Michigan's Williams used the Oklahoma City meeting as an occasion to retreat a bit in his recent bitter criticism of Stevenson's "moderate" approach to politics (TIME, Dec. 5). Stevenson is his friend, said Williams, and "I was not in a state of war at any time." Then he added: "I disagreed with his policy and still disagree."

Adlai Stevenson, who spoke only briefly at the convention, was delighted to hear that Williams had gone even that far toward a truce. "I'm glad he's not at war with me," said Stevenson. "I'm not at war with him." All of which simply went to show that whatever their conflicting personal ambitions may be, the Democratic presidential possibilities at least for the present see their real war as being against the Republicans—instead of against each other.

forbid the athletic teams of the university system of Georgia (*e.g.*, Georgia Tech, the University of Georgia) from participating in games against any team with Negro players, or even playing in any stadium where unsegregated audiences breathed the same air.

"The South stands at Armageddon," brayed Griffin to the regents. "The battle is joined. We cannot make the slightest concession to the enemy in this dark and lamentable hour of struggle. There is no more difference in compromising the integrity of race on the playing field than in doing so in the classrooms. One break in the dike and the relentless seas will rush in and destroy us."

The governor had a specific game in mind: Georgia Tech had contracted to play the University of Pittsburgh in New Orleans' Sugar Bowl on Jan. 2. Pitt has

® The dike had already been breached many times. Even when Herman Talmadge was governor, Georgia Tech's 1953 team played a Notre Dame team which had Negroes.

states, including Texas, Arkansas, South Carolina, Alabama, and Tennessee.

The first C.C., organized in Indianapolis, Miss., two months after the Supreme Court segregation decision in May 1954, numbered among its 14 charter members one of the town's bank presidents. He is typical of C.C. members—church-going leading citizens who believe that the cause of the unhappy days upon them is the N.A.A.C.P., whose local members and leaders they are determined to expel from their midst.

But C.C. tactics are far from the crude, violent visitations of the now discredited Ku Klux Klan. The C.C. shuns blood-letting and blunt instruments. It prefers the sharp, sophisticated weapons of economic and political pressures to change the minds of Negroes who work for school integration (or whites who aid them). Examples:

¶ Gus Courts, 65, a Negro grocer in Belzoni, declined to remove his name from the Negro voters' registration lists. Courts' landlord refused to continue renting him his store, forcing him into a smaller one; wholesalers denied him service; a bank refused credit; whites warned Negro employees not to trade with him, and his average monthly gross went down from \$2,000 to \$800. Courts' resistance to these cold-war tactics led to a hot one: last fortnight someone shot and seriously wounded him. The Belzoni C.C., stressing its reputation for being law-abiding, promptly posted a \$250 reward to catch his assailants (who have not been caught).

¶ W. R. Wright, successful Negro plumber in Yazoo City and active N.A.A.C.P. member, had his credit and supplies cut off, lost jobs, finally moved to Detroit.

¶ T. V. Johnson, prosperous Negro undertaker in Belzoni, was treated to the arrival of a C.C.-imported rival funeral home, which tried to slash his business.

Goodbye Terrestrial Ball. Most vocal spokesman for the C.C. is well-tailored Tom Brady, a Circuit Court judge, whose reiterated premise is that slavery brought the Negro "the greatest benefit one man ever conferred upon another . . . a moral standard was presented to him . . . which he . . . does not now appreciate."

Judge Brady is the author of *Black Monday*, a book titled for the day desegregation was announced. Writes he: "The loveliest and the purest of God's creatures, the nearest thing to an angelic being that treads this terrestrial ball is a well-bred, cultured Southern white woman, or her blue-eyed, golden-haired little girl." By contrast, he adds: "The social, political, economic and religious preferences of the Negro remain close to the caterpillar and the cockroach . . . proper food for a chimpanzee."

INVESTIGATIONS

The Receiving End

When it comes to investigations, Matthew J. Connelly is a veteran. He went to Washington in 1938 as a special investigator for the WPA, soon moved over to work for a congressional committee that

was investigating the WPA. Then he became head of Harry S. Truman's Senate Committee staff investigating U.S. war spending. His skillful work there made Investigator Connelly one of Truman's most trusted aides, and when Truman moved to the White House, Connelly went along as appointments secretary. Last week Matt Connelly, 48, now a New York public relations counselor, was on the receiving end of an investigation: he was indicted by a federal grand jury in St. Louis that accused him of accepting money to help fix a tax case in the period 1948-52.

Also named in the grand jury indictment were Theron Lamar Caudle, the one-time Assistant Attorney General who rocked Washington in 1951 with his revelations of tax-fixing, and former Kansas City Attorney Harry Schwimmer, who was



Associated Press

MATTHEW CONNELLY

"Read the Bill of Rights," said he.

already under indictment for perjury before the grand jury.

"Power & Influence." The charges, as set forth by the grand jury, left a good deal yet to be explained. They arose from the case of Irving Sachs, ex-president of Shu-Stiles Inc., a wholesale shoe company in St. Louis. In 1951, Sachs pleaded guilty to evading \$118,142 in federal taxes, and got off with a \$40,000 fine on a showing that his health would be impaired by imprisonment. The grand jury last week said that Lawyer Schwimmer, acting for Sachs, had purchased the "power and influence" of Matt Connelly and T. Lamar Caudle to help get Sachs off. "It was an essential part of the conspiracy," said the indictment, "that co-conspirator Sachs, having willfully evaded and defeated large amounts of income tax . . . should nevertheless escape indictment, and, if indicted, should escape prosecution, and, if convicted, should escape imprisonment."

The grand jury listed 24 "overt acts" attributed to Schwimmer, Connelly and Caudle, many of them having to do with

telephone conversations and personal conferences with one another. A key specification: that "on or about Jan. 14, 1952, Defendant Harry Schwimmer caused the sum of \$1,650 to be paid to Defendant Matthew J. Connelly in Washington, D.C."

"Nothing But Good." Informed of his indictment, Connelly said: "There is a little group of willful men now in power in Washington. They have called Harry S. Truman a traitor. Now, because of my association with him, they are calling me a crook . . . I shall recommend that people in high places should read the Bill of Rights." Caudle was more succinct. Wailed he: "I never did anything but good."

CRIME

Idaho Underworld

Boise, Idaho (pop. 50,000), the state capital, is usually thought of as a boisterous, rollicking he-man's town, and home of the rugged Westerner. In the downtown saloons of the city a faint echo of Boise's rip-snorting frontier days can still be heard, but its quiet residential areas and 70 churches give the city an appearance of immaculate respectability. Recently, Boiseans were shocked to learn that their city had sheltered a widespread homosexual underworld that involved some of Boise's most prominent men and had preyed on hundreds of teen-age boys for the past decade.

In a succession of arrests and hearings that rocked Boise, those formally charged included Joe Moore, 54, vice president of the Idaho First National Bank. Attorney Paris T. Martin, 44, John Calvin Bartlett, 28, a high-school teacher in a nearby town, as well as a clerk in a haberdashery, a hospital orderly, a liquor salesman, two interior decorators, a warehouseman, and a buyer for a women's store. Last week Ralph Cooper, 33, a shoeshine boy and ex-convict, was sentenced to life in prison. Interior Decorator Charles H. Gordon, 40, got 15 years. Two other defendants pleaded guilty to committing "infamous crimes against nature." Other arrests and hearings are expected this week.

The scandal was uncovered by Howard Dice, a private detective, after one boy's parents found out what had been going on. In the course of their investigation, police talked with 125 youths who had been involved. All were between the ages of 13 and 20. Usually, the motive—and the lure—was money. Many of the boys wanted money for maintenance of their automobiles (Idaho grants daylight driving permits to children of 14, regular licenses to 15-year-olds). The usual fees given to the boys were \$5 to \$10 per assignment.

This week the shocked community and the state began a rehabilitation program for the boys. Social workers began to investigate each case, to work out any family problems. A citizens' committee representing virtually every organization in Boise began a campaign to get after-school jobs for the boys, and a special team of psychiatrists will arrive this week from Denver, at the expense of the State Board of Health, to treat the young victims.

FOREIGN NEWS

MIDDLE EAST

The Critical Mass

The Middle East, somnolent, hot, primitive, resembles what scientists call a critical mass. Add one extra gram, and all sorts of violent reactions are set off: atoms break loose, rush about, rearrange themselves in new patterns. The extra gram that had set the Middle East fissioning and fusing was the sale of Communist arms to Egypt. Last week this dance of the atoms was going on to the accompaniment of shudders, groans and forebodings from the journalistic moaner's corner, led by those partners in anguish, the Alsop brothers. But despite their outcries, all was not yet lost in the Middle East—or yet won.

Some of the shiftings and skitterings:

Britain, fed up with trying to please or appease Egypt, decided that proven friends are best, and made a big fuss over its new Baghdad pact (METO) partners, particularly its old partner-in-oil **Iraq**. By proving that it pays, militarily and economically, to be friends, the British hope to recruit as another METO prospect, **Jordan**, whose national budget and Arab Legion they underwrite at the rate of \$24 million a year. The British are determined to show Egypt's Nasser that flirting with Communists is not the way to get arms—or anything else—from the West. The British have another reason for bestirring themselves: kicked out of the Suez by the Egyptians, they must now base their Middle East operations on uneasy **Cyprus**, which is under state of emergency.

Help one Arab power—Iraq—and two other Arab nations bristle. **Saudi Arabia's** ruling Saudi family mortally hates and fears Iraq's Hashemite rulers and intrigues expensively with the riches provided by U.S. oil royalties to prevent the Hashemite Arabs (Iraq, Jordan) from ever getting together. And **Egypt** jealously regards Iraq as its chief rival for Arab leadership.

France, which grudgingly left Syria and Lebanon in 1946, has misgivings about British ascendancy in the Middle East, deplors METO, and would like to reassert its old influence in its lost territories.* Therefore, France works to help the other half of the Arab world: three weeks ago it resumed arms shipments to Egypt. Egypt reciprocated by ceasing its own fiery broadcasts to the Moslems of French North Africa (while persisting in stirring up hatred against the British by

* Though how Syria sometimes responds to its old master can be judged by official Radio Damascus broadcasts to French North Africa. Samples: "Fighting brothers, exterminate those who have murdered your martyrs! Kill! Burn their homes! . . . In Morocco a million foreigners face 10 million Arabs. If each Arab were to kill one Frenchman at the cost of his own life, it would be possible to exterminate without exception all the French . . . Spare not their women and children, for they spare not yours!"

broadcasts beamed at the Sudan, Kenya and Uganda).

Israelis, who greeted the Soviet arms delivery to Egypt with hints that it might find itself driven to preventive war, and denounced Eden's talk of border compromises as "dismemberment," last week admitted privately they might have been too abrupt. They talked of a corridor across the Negev, of giving Jordan free access to the port of Haifa, of compensation for the 900,000 Palestine Arab refugees huddled on its borders. (The U.N. commission which feeds and shelters the refugees believes the problem will never be solved until the Israelis offer to take back a token number of them.)

The U.S., in the person of Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, surveyed the



EGYPT'S NASSER

A preference for Western money.

shifting scene and saw little need for drastic change in its policies. This was not quite the flabby inactivity critics called it. It would be all too easy to play that old Arab game of the enemy of my enemy is my friend. The U.S. has reasons for not ditching the Arabs (geography, pledges, oil), and reasons for not ditching Israel (most Western-minded of Middle East states in its political institutions, its culture, its technical skills). But no regional pact against Communist incursion can have vitality without the support and participation of the U.S. And as long as Arabs and Israelis remain at war, the U.S. could join a pact with neither without raising the cry of betrayal from the other.

Helping Both. Last week the U.S. worked quietly to help both. Israel was given to understand that the U.S. would listen sympathetically to a request for not a lot but some more arms. This might reassure the Israelis that they would

not have to negotiate from a position of weakness. Egypt's Nasser, who reported Russian offer to finance the Aswan dam but candidly expressed a preference for Western money, was all but assured that the money would be forthcoming through a World Bank loan and joint U.S.-British grants.

But the long-range answer is not merely more and more money as so many critics insist. If the U.S. is going to top each Soviet offer with a better one, the Russians could involve the U.S. in immense expenditure, as Dulles pointed out last week, without costing themselves a penny. The Russians have made great play with talk of loans of \$180 million for a steel plant in India, of \$275 million for Egypt's Aswan dam. But in the area from the Middle East to the China Sea, ICA Administrator John B. Hollister reported last week, U.S. economic grants in aid are running at the rate of \$1.5 billion a year. If friendship could be bought, the U.S. should have it by now. But friendship costs and is worth more than money.

In the Middle East, the atoms dance on. With so many complex relationships on the loose, the possibility of peril is in the air, but not the need for panic. Some lugubrious journalists act as if every Soviet intransigence is a sign of U.S. inflexibility, every Soviet adventure a proof of Western incapacity. But the Soviet Union too would find, entering this intricate and crucial area, that every move compels a countermovement and the end is not yet.

COMMUNISTS

Bhai Bhai in India

Starvation, squalor, teeming restlessness and ill-concealed resentment haunt the alleys and byways of refugee-swollen Calcutta, India's biggest (pop. circ. 7,000,000) and most turbulent city. There last week, in greater numbers than ever hysterically cheering Indians turned out to greet the touring missionaries of Muslim covite good will, bulletheaded Communist Party Chief Nikita Khrushchev and his straight man, Soviet Premier Bulganin. Streets along the line of entry were scrubbed and decorated with triumphal arches; the city's swarming sacred cows had been driven into back alleys, and red flags fluttered on every side.

For hours before the Russians arrived, crowd estimated at more than 2,000,000 jammed the center of the city. Only a comparative handful were within viewing distance when at last Khrushchev, Bulganin and their host, West Bengal Chief Minister Dr. Bidhan Chandra Roy, showed up in an open Mercedes-Benz. At the intersection of two of Calcutta's big streets the Russians waved their straw hats, and Khrushchev cried out in their own language: "Hindi Russi bhai bhai!" (Indian Russians, brothers, brothers!). Instantly the crowd burst forward, shattering police



"COMRADE LORD MAYOR, REACTIONARY LORDS, LADIES AND IMPERIALIST FASCIST WARMONGERS . . ."

lines and bamboo barricades to swarm over the car. Some clutched Bulganin's coat. Others seized Khrushchev's hands and arms. As the Indians piled their weight upon the Mercedes, it broke down. With police aid, the visitors pulled themselves clear of the clustering crowd and fought their way to a nearby police van. Behind them, the happy mob pulled the Mercades apart. Safe at last from their frantic fans, the Russians sped on in the paddywagon to reach an official reception at Government House one hour late.

Genial Generalities. The reception in Calcutta provided the final crashing chord to a barnstorming tour which had succeeded beyond the wildest dreams of any campaigning vote-seeker. But while Moscow's good-will ambassadors swelled with complacency at the air of universal approval surrounding them, their Indian hosts had begun to entertain some sober second thoughts. Bursting with genial, jocular generalities all along the line of march, the fun-loving Red Rover Boys had progressively proved more and more forgetful of the fact that Nehru's India still hugs a determined neutralism close to its heart. In one breath they derided the West's preoccupation with H-bombs; in another, they boasted loudly of their own recent experiments with the same weapons—never pausing to reflect that to Indians, all hydrogen is deplorable in fashionable form. They cheerfully compared Gandhi to Lenin, which takes some doing. Khrushchev also, fantastically, proclaimed: "The English, French and Americans started the Second World War and sent new troops against our country—the troops of Hitlerite Germany."

This was going too far. Among those severely pained were the British, who as former rulers of India and Burma were Khrushchev's chief target. Many an indignant Briton demanded that his country cancel its invitation for Bulganin and Khrushchev to visit Britain in the spring, and cartoonists had a field day anticipating the event (see cut). In Calcutta itself, Premier Nehru felt constrained to remind

his guests: "Twenty centuries ago Asoka told us that a person who extols his own faith and derides another's injures his own faith. We try to be friendly with all countries. We refrain from criticizing, even when we disagree." As if to prove that the Khrushchev-Bulganin politicking had not been all in vain, however, Pandit Nehru added musingly: "It is strange, though, that while one bloc is speaking of peace, another is thinking in terms of war and military alliances."

Missgivings. The Russian visit, said the *Times of India*, "carries its own warning to us. There is danger not only of the Indian message being distorted in global eyes but of our own people being carried away on a tidal wave of mistaken exuberance. By all means let us return courtesy for courtesy, but not to the point of letting the guest edge the host out of his own mansion. When our Parliament is converted into a pulpit from which guests attack countries with whom we have no basic quarrel, it is time to be more than slightly wary."

Did Jawaharlal Nehru share these missgivings? Those Americans who are his partisans, such as ex-Ambassador Chester Bowles, make much of the argument that, for all his annoying idiosyncrasies, Nehru is engaged in a great trial of systems with Communist China: both struggling to raise the living standards of a vast, poor and untutored people; both required to make bold use of large-scale planning, but Nehru alone handicapped because, as a democrat, he has elected to deny himself the power of coercion. If this is the case, Nehru's position requires him ever to point the contrast, constantly to show his 360 million people that his way is different and has no need for vast slave camps. Instead, Nehru had invited the Kremlin bosses to India, declared public holidays for them, and decreed the biggest welcome any visitor to India ever got. He gave them platforms to spread their deception, and sponsored their attacks on all that free nations stand for.

It may take years to undo the mischief.

The Roof Leaks in Burma

Heavily laden with gifts ranging from a coconut-shell lampshade to a baby tiger, the roving Communists flew on to Burma. At roughly the same moment, Communist insurgents in the Burmese city of Maymyo were busy kidnapping two doctors of the World Health Organization.

The Burmese reception differed considerably from India's. Despite a government offer of 5¢ to each flag-waving child, comparatively few Burmans turned out to greet the visitors. Those who did (100,000, more or less) showed up in organized groups and sat stolidly on curbs or campstools in bemused curiosity, whooping it up with impromptu jig steps only when Russian cameras were on them. But despite a rigidly observed Buddhist teetotalism at all official functions and banquets, the visitors struggled manfully to display their vaunted ebullience. At Rangoon's town hall, Comrades Khrushchev, Bulganin and Burma's Premier U Nu all joined hands together and beamed for a battery of photographers. "World tensions," said the Burmese Premier, "have been reduced by your efforts."

Red, White & Black. Soon afterward, in his own inimitable way, at a visit to the 2,500-year-old gilded Shwe Dagon, peace-loving Nikita Khrushchev was busily easing world tensions once again. "The oldest British church," he sneered, eying the Burmese shrine, "is only 1,000 years old, yet the British call you barbarians." Then, recalling the recent unpleasantness about Moscow Chief Architect Vlasov, who was blasted by his government while visiting the U.S., he singled out another Russian architect in Rangoon to cry, "Look out, comrade, I see you are standing with American and French reporters. They may try to persuade you to stay with the West as the stupid Americans

* Among those present: the "Red Dean" of Canterbury (extreme left), the Archbishop of Canterbury (extreme right), Foreign Secretary Macmillan, Prime Minister Eden.

and stupid Frenchmen tried to do with Architect Vlasov."

"The time will come," continued Khrushchev, turning his attention to a French news-agency reporter in the crowd, "when some people will be ashamed of their stupidity, and when a person is ashamed, he turns red." "I'd rather stay white," snapped the reporter. "You can be black if you wish," said Khrushchev. After that, the Burmese government ordered all reporters to keep their distance "so that our honored guests will not be provoked into making statements."

From the Golden Pagoda, the tourists drove on to visit the cave where, according to a dream Premier U Nu had two years ago, Buddha once dwelt. No cave existed there, so U Nu ordered one made. "The roof leaks," commented Comrade Khrushchev. "You should visit our Moscow subway. You will find it dry because we built it properly."

Paddles & Policemen. Next day, on the road to Shan States, Burmans lined up once again to eye the visitors in expressionless curiosity. Here and there, well-drilled schoolchildren called out a greeting: "Bulganin, Khrushchev, *mar bar sai!*" (Long live Bulganin and Khrushchev). At one point, after the party had passed, a Western reporter decided to experiment: "John Foster Dulles!" he prompted the kids. "Doolis, *mar bar sai!*" they sang out obediently.

At Inle Lake, high in the hill country, the Russians left their flower-strewn Chevrolet to board a gold-and-crimson barge shaped to represent the royal peacock of Burma. Wrapping a leg each around a long paddle and thus kicking it through the water, 800 native "leg rowers" in ten canoes pulled the barge to the lake's center, where more crowds clustered on a specially built pavilion on stilts, cheering perfunctorily and munching sweet, square doughnuts under twirling red parasols.

Relieved for the moment of the task of guarding the visitors, police back at Rangoon began to investigate six cases of suspected Communist railway sabotage north of Burma's capital city.

WEST GERMANY

Here I Stand

The world knows where doughty old Konrad Adenauer stands—before, during or after any number of Geneva—on German ties with the West. But how would the rest of West Germany stand now that the second Geneva conference had dashed all German hopes of reunification in the foreseeable future? Last week West Germany's Foreign Minister Dr. Heinrich von Brentano, 51, addressed himself to that question in as eloquent a speech as the Bundestag has heard in its six years.

"The federal government will continue to pursue a policy of German reunification in close and trusting cooperation with its allies," said Von Brentano. "It rejects any thought of endangering this infinitely valuable friendship and the support it implies by any hesitancy, inconstancy or lack of

frankness. It knows very well that the fate of the German people would be sealed if it tried to barter the confidence and friendship of its allies for the sympathy of the Soviet Union, which has made it plain, at least for the present, that it wants to deny the German people a peaceful future in freedom.

The Worst Road. "If Germany were to enter on a deal on this question, she would not only betray her own future but also violate the freedom of other nations by exposing them to fulfill the historic task set for her as for others: to secure on the European continent the basis of a system of freedom by ever closer cooperation with all European nations against the menace of a system alien to their very nature and essence.

"The German people will not permit themselves to be pulled out of this [West-



VON BRENTANO & FRIEND
For a future in freedom.

ern] community nor will they separate themselves voluntarily from it. . . . A compulsory neutralization or isolation from any alliance would be the worst road for us to choose or into which to force us."

Von Brentano then addressed himself to the Soviet Foreign Minister: "Mr. Molotov may be sure of this: though he once managed to sign a treaty with Messrs. Stalin and Ribbentrop, and thus to seal an alliance between two totalitarian systems, he will not be able to bring about such a treaty again with the federal republic of today or with the reunited Germany of tomorrow."

The Cheap Way. Next day, making his first Bundestag speech since his illness, 79-year-old Chancellor Adenauer wound up the debate with a brief warning against a "policy of weakness." But the forceful pronouncement of Von Brentano, a figure who has been gaining political stature by the day since he took over the Foreign Ministry six months ago, ended the chat-

ter among some of Adenauer's coalition members about holding "talks" but not "negotiations" with the Russians. Even the Socialist opposition leader Erich Ollenhauer, who like many Germans would like to find a cheap way out if there were one, promised that the Socialists would never agree to reunification except in "freedom and law." The Bundestag voted solidly to uphold Adenauer's policy of "unwavering" solidarity with the West.

BERLIN

With Flags Flying

Crises elsewhere may come and go, but Berlin remains the No. 1 testing spot of the cold war. In Berlin last week the cold war got perceptibly hotter. It all began when two junketing U.S. Congressmen, Massachusetts Democrat Edward P. Boland and New York Republican Harold C. Ostertag, motored into East Berlin to see one of the standard tourist sights: the ponderous Red army war memorial. They rode, accompanied by a U.S. Army Lieutenant, in a radio-telephone-equipped Army sedan. East German *Volkspolizei* approached the parked car and forced the party at pistol point to follow them to a nearby guardhouse. From there the Congressmen were taken to Soviet headquarters at Karlshorst, and were told they had violated the laws of East Berlin by operation of the sedan's radio transmitter. After four hours they were released.

Fortwith, Major General Charles Dasher, the U.S. commandant in Berlin, called on the Soviet commandant. Major General P. T. Dibrova, to protest the *Volkspolizei's* "lawless . . . ruffianism," and to say that of all the incidents in recent years, "I consider this the most serious." Dibrova replied that he could not accept the protest. Reason: East Germany is a sovereign state now; East Berlin is its capital, and no longer a Russian-occupied sector. Dibrova's statement was dutifully echoed by the East German official Communist newspaper *Neues Deutschland*, which condemned the West for taking refuge behind "nonexistent four-power status."

Plainly, this was one more move in the Communist gambit to force the West to deal with satellite East Germany as a sovereign nation. Britain, France and the U.S. got off blunt protests to Soviet Ambassador Georgy Pushkin, announcing that they would continue to hold Russia responsible "for the welfare and proper treatment" of all their citizens in the Soviet sector of Berlin. U.S. Ambassador James B. Conant went further. He hurried to Berlin, defiantly drove through the heart of East Berlin with U.S. and ambassadorial flags flying. "We will remain in Berlin until Germany has been unified," announced Conant in a voice loud enough to be heard throughout Germany. "We are determined to retain the four-power status of Berlin as it has been in the past."

In Washington, the State Department preferred to take the line that Commu-

nist Commandant Dibrova's attitude had not yet been supported by higher Russian authority, and therefore did not constitute a formal abrogation of Soviet obligations. The State Department's attitude is that the Russians usually feel things out carefully in Berlin before doing something drastic: perhaps Conant's flying of the flag would cause them to think twice. Instead, at week's end the Russians applied the squeeze a little tighter. The East German regime refused to renew the annual permits under which West German barges deliver 1,500,000 tons of supplies to West Berlin.

FRANCE

Victor Vanquished

In 79 years, no one has ever dared challenge the Deputies of France in their one-sided warfare against Premiers. At their whim, Premiers came, and Premiers fell, but Deputies went on forever—or at least until the end of their appointed terms. No one could have been more surprised than the Deputies themselves when Premier Edgar Faure, of all people, that most artful of political dodgers, suddenly turned on them. Muttered old Robert Schuman in amazement: "The rabbits are shooting at the hunters."

The Deputies were almost gay as they assembled early last week to deal the routine death blow to the Faure government, as they had to 20 other governments since 1945. Even Faure himself was resigned to his execution. Back in his constituency he had ruefully declined comment on a constituent's praise, "It is not customary for the dead man to reply to the funeral oration," he had said wryly.

The vote came on Faure's much-battered proposal to hold elections six months early. In his nine months, Faure had kept the economy stable and thriving, got the Paris Accords through the Senate, and provided the West with a sturdy friend in the person of Foreign Minister Antoine Pinay. But Faure had lost much of his right in his concessions to Morocco, most of the left in his hesitations in making the concessions. The Communists, who had saved him twice, had now changed their minds. His only sure supporters were Pinay's conservative Independents and the Catholic M.R.P., and the result was a foregone conclusion. "At best, a third-rate funeral," shrugged one Deputy. The obsequies would be short, and the opposition forces of Pierre Mendès-France were gloating.

Traitor to Parliament. When the votes were counted, the majority against Faure was 318 to 218—six more than a constitutional majority of the 622-man Chamber. Only ten months before, Mendès had also been defeated by a constitutional majority, and the constitution provides that the Assembly can be dissolved if two successive governments are so overthrown within 18 months. But no Premier under the Fourth Republic ever has invoked this right, nor any chief executive under the Third Republic since Marshal Mac-



EDGAR FAURE
A rabbit shot.

Mahon did it in 1877. MacMahon succeeded only in discrediting himself as an "anti-parliamentary traitor," and the device with him. Under the Fourth Republic, Deputies have always taken the precaution of "dosing" the vote so that Premiers were brought down judiciously short of constitutional majorities. But last week overconfidence made the Mendèsists careless. "The more he is humbled, the better," they crowed. To scattered cries of "dissolution," they answered airily: "He wouldn't dare go that far."

At the Elysée Palace, Faure and his Cabinet met with President Coty. M.R.P. Leader Pierre-Henri Teitgen, Minister of Overseas Territories, proposed that Faure



MENDÈS-FRANCE
The hunters fell.

dissolve the Assembly. This meant January elections, which would have to be held under the 1951 rules. Foreign Minister Antoine Pinay, the sturdy small-town tanner who is the Cabinet's strongman, backed Teitgen vigorously. Five of the Radical ministers stormed angrily that they would resign if Faure approved elections without changing the old, loaded electoral system. "Just how do you resign from a government that has already resigned?" asked Faure sarcastically. Finally, as debate raged on, Faure ended the meeting: "Let me reflect until tomorrow." Next day, he made his decision: "The Assembly will be dissolved."

The Winner Loses. Mendès-France, with the fury of a man who sees his hard-won victory blow up in his face, took to the pages of *L'Express* to attack Faure. Once they had been schoolmates, colleagues and best friends; but still belong to the same center party, the Radical Socialists. Now Mendès charged bitterly that Faure's plan for dissolution was "an affront to the country . . . a coup de force . . . a defiance of republican principles." Peremptorily, Mendès, who controls the Radical Party machinery, ordered Faure summoned to a meeting of the party executive. The party leaders kept their Premier waiting five minutes, then listened stonily while he argued that the Assembly had proved itself ungovernable. Electoral reform was a prime article of Radical doctrine, he was told, and forthwith was expelled from the party on grounds of "persistent indiscipline."

The Outer Extremes. Not even Edgar Faure himself approves of the discredited "alliance" system under which the new elections will be held in January. (Mendès had pushed hard for a system of man-to-man election by districts, on the U.S. pattern, and the Assembly had already approved it in principle just before its dissolution.) The 1951 rules were loaded in favor of the center parties and against the extremes of left and right, who could find no other parties to ally with. Now the right extreme of 1951, the Gaullists, are divided and disowned by their leader. Pinay's conservatives hope to get most of their 4,500,000 votes. In 1951 the Communists, on the extreme left, were identified with the Viet Minh who were killing French soldiers in Indo-China; now, under the cloak of Geneva, they have recovered some measure of respectability. In a short campaign, the Communists expect to have an organizational advantage over their less highly disciplined rivals.

The man who is apt to be hurt most by the quickie election is Pierre Mendès-France, who hoped, with his center-left coalition, to cut into the 5,000,000 votes the Communists got in the last election. But now he has little time to get a coalition started. Judging by the public-opinion polls, Pierre Mendès-France is overwhelmingly the choice of most Frenchmen for Premier; the question is whether he can contrive the political machinery to transfer that popularity into effective voting strength by Jan. 2.

MOROCCO

Brainwashed Berber

Among the French Moroccan soldiers captured by the Viet Minh Communists at Dienbienphu last year was a veteran warrant officer named Mohammed el Khabouchi. By the time the Communists let him go, they had taught him to hate his French masters. Last week French officials identified 36-year-old El Khabouchi as the commander of a thousand Berber rebels lurking in Morocco's Rif Mountains. He hides out in the Spanish Moroccan hamlet of Talamrhecht, and on occasion sneaks across the border to shoot up his old home town of Tizi Ouzli, or to ambush passing convoys. El Khabouchi's Berbers and other rebel bands are currently tying down seven times their number of French troops.

TURKEY

Mutiny in the Ranks

Menderes is the Turkish name of the old, wandering Meander River and, inappropriately, of the hard-driving man in a hurry who is Premier of Turkey. Adnan Menderes led his Democratic Party to victory in the 1950 election, but in the years since, he sometimes seemed to be heading his party and his country toward dictatorship. But inflation, foreign debts, corruption, crop failure and industrial mismanagement are all combining to jeopardize Turkey's once promising economy (TIME, Oct. 24), and Menderes could no longer still the restlessness within his own party.

Fortnight ago, while the Premier was off to Baghdad to sign the METO pact, a Deputy named Ali Ceylan spoke out at a party caucus in Ankara. He wanted an explanation for the acute national shortage of horseshoe nails. His outburst encouraged others to air their complaints and to prove, in a sense, that for the want of a nail, a Cabinet can tumble.

Last week Menderes and all his ministers faced a caucus of angry Democrats. First, the Minister of Commerce, besieged with charges from the floor that he had played favorites in passing out foreign-exchange allocations, resigned. Unopposed, the Deputies next demanded the head of Finance Minister Hasan Polatkan, who is also on the foreign-allocation board. One Deputy accused the minister's brother-in-law of importing defective trucks and tires from East Germany and unloading them on the public. Rushing to Polatkan's defense, Menderes argued for two hours that Turkey's economy is in the most skillful of hands, ever responsive to the wishes of Parliament. "Gentlemen," purred Menderes, "you are capable of everything. You have such power in your hands that you can bring back the Caliphate if you so desire. Is it possible that I, Menderes, can be a dictator in the face of such a strong group?"

Feeling their own strength, the Deputies cried for more blood. Finance Minister Polatkan resigned. "Now Zorlu!" they



Milliyet-Sam'i Önderli
PREMIER MENDERES
For want of a nail.

cried. Blinded and trembling, Menderes' flint-eyed right-hand man, Acting Foreign Minister Fatin Rustu Zorlu, the third member of the foreign-allocation board, announced that he would quit the board. "More, more!" shouted the rank and file. Zorlu surrendered the Foreign Ministry. The chant of "More!" persisted, and Zorlu quit as the Republic of Turkey's delegate to NATO.

To save himself, Menderes jettisoned the rest of his Cabinet, demanded a vote of confidence in himself personally. By a narrow margin, he got it, but he was now a Premier without a Cabinet. When Parliament convened next day, no fewer than 150 Democratic Deputies showed up in dark blue suits—the proper thing to wear in case one should be invited to become a Cabinet minister.

ITALY

After Eight Years

The Republic of Italy has been operating under a constitution for eight years, but has yet to establish the Supreme Court which the constitution provides for. Result: many constitutional provisions remain uninterpreted, and old Fascist laws continue to encumber the administration of Italian justice.

The difficulty has been that a 1051 law requires that five of the 15 judges should be named by a three-fifths majority of both houses of Parliament sitting in joint session. Such a majority might have been found if the government and the right-wing Monarchists and Fascists could ever agree. The only other way was for the government to accept the support of Communist Palmiro Togliatti or his fellow-travelling sidekick, Socialist Pietro Nenni. The situation was made to order for Stalin's Prizewinner Nenni, who has been trying to insinuate himself into a popular

front with the Christian Democrats even since he came back from his latest trip to Moscow last October.

Nenni knew that Italy's President Giovanni Gronchi was eager to get a court appointed. Nenni went to work carefully, dangling his 100-odd votes before the Christian Democratic majority. When the Italian Parliament at last gathered in joint session, Nenni volunteered all his bloc's votes to elect a Christian Democratic candidate as the first judge. Grateful Demo-Christians then reciprocated by voting with Nenni to elect his candidate for the second court position. Then the third and fourth judges—one a Demo-Christian, the other a Liberal—were elected, with Nenni and his Christian Democratic allies working smoothly together.

The difficulty came with Judge No. 5. Nenni insisted that he had to defer to his friends the Communists, who insisted on a Communist judge. At this point Christian Democratic Boss Amintore Fanfani objected: "Even if they propose a monsignor, we will never vote for him!" Last week Communist Chief Togliatti finally relented, provided that the fifth and final judgeship should go to someone "acceptable" to Communist members of the Chamber.

That someone proved to be Nicola Jaeger, a professor of law at the University of Milan, once a Protestant but now converted to Catholicism, once a Communist but now allegedly a political neutral. "The name of Jaeger corresponds to our requirements and we accept it," said Togliatti. The bench was complete, and the deed was done. Angriely the extreme rightists strode from the Chamber. Declared Nenni jubilantly: "Our party has done the most in bringing about the constitutional court."

SOUTH SEAS

Silent Mystery

In London last week, a divorce action charging desertion against one Thomas Henry Miller, late of the Royal Navy, was indefinitely postponed. Reason: Miller cannot be found. The fate and whereabouts of picturesque "Dusty" Miller are locked in a maritime mystery as seemingly inscrutable as that which befell the master and men of the *Mary Celeste* more than 80 years ago.*

On the beaches and in the barrooms of the South Pacific, endless speculations continue but no man has yet offered a convincing explanation of why Dusty Miller and the 24 souls he carried aboard the

* The President picks five of the remaining ten judges; the last five are nominated by the judiciary.

† On a fine afternoon in December 1872, the brigantine *Mary Celeste* was picked up heading westward in the South Atlantic under jib and fore-topsail, her galley table set for dinner, and not one soul aboard. Why her master, Captain Benjamin Briggs, his wife, his crew and his passengers—ten in all—should have deserted their ship in midocean is still the sea's most tantalizing mystery.

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twin-screw cabin cruiser *Joyita* two months ago should have disappeared without trace.

Uncharted Shoals. Once Mary Pickford's private yacht, the sturdy, 75-ft. *Joyita* was apparently sound as a dollar when she hauled anchor in the Samoan port of Apia one day early last October on a routine, 40-hour voyage to the nearby Tokelau Islands. Sudden line squalls, uncharted shoals and the whirling menace of unheralded waterspouts are common hazards to navigation in that part of the world, but during his years as a charter captain and fisherman in the South Seas, Dusty Miller, who habitually stood his watches in native costume, had brought his little ship safely through many such perils, and on this, his last voyage, no storms of undue severity were reported. Yet Miller and his passengers never reached the Tokelaus. The first hint of his fate came more than a month later when *Joyita*, listing badly, half full of water but still afloat and seaworthy, was discovered wallowing alone and abandoned in a gently rolling sea some 600 miles off her course.

A Desert Island. What had persuaded such able seamen as Miller and his mate, a salt-encrusted American Indian named Chuck Simpson, to abandon a still sound ship in the open sea and entrust their fates and those of their passengers to the doubtful security of an outboard dinghy and three flimsy life rafts? An island newspaper stoutly proclaimed that pirates had seized the passengers and scuttled the ship for the sake of a thousand pounds reputedly resting in the wallet of one of the passengers. But what pirate worth his salt would jettison a ship as fine as the *Joyita*? Other theorists argue that a waterspout struck *Joyita* and pointed to her damaged superstructure as evidence. But careful examination of the damage by qualified experts indicated that it was, in all likelihood, the result only of wallowing unmanned in the pounding sea.

Prince Tungi of Tonga believed that the little craft had struck an uncharted reef, capsized and righted herself. "Those aboard," he said, "must have clung to her sides for as long as they were able before the seas washed them away." Why, then, was her compass missing? And her log book? One diehard romanticist persisted in the belief that Dusty Miller had kidnapped his entire ship's company and whisked them away by lifeboat and raft to a desert island to live forever after, free of the perils of divorce courts and bill collectors.

Last week *Joyita* sat high and dry on a beach at Fiji, hugging her secret in silence, while official investigators from three nations pondered the problem. Perhaps, in time, they might find an answer better than that of the U.S. Navy captain who investigated the fate of *Mary Celeste* in 1873. "I hope and expect," he wrote in his official report, "to hear from her crew. But if we should never hear of them again, I shall remember with interest this sad and silent mystery of the sea."

AUSTRALIA

Tail Feathers

A talkative bird is the Australian cockatoo (*kakatoë*), who so nearly resembles the Australian politico on the hustings that cartoonists often represent the one by the other. Last month, facing up to their fifth general election in six years, Australians wearily resigned themselves to a prolonged burst of cockatoo talk, and the sight of sulphurous crests raised in simulated alarm and indignation over the state of the nation. What they got instead was a beak-and-claw fight that made the political feathers fly as they had not done for a decade.

Prime Minister Robert Menzies, a Liberal, had adroitly called for new elections at a time when the political plumage of



DR. EVATT

Lots of feathers and cockatoo.

his opponent, Labor's tousleheaded Herbert Vere Evatt, was sadly ruffled by the Petrov spy case. Because two former Evatt associates were named by Petrov as his collaborators in espionage (but later cleared) Evatt, with birdlike innocence, had written to Molotov, asking for confirmation of his own contention that the MVD documents produced by Petrov were forged (*TIME*, Oct. 31). Molotov obligingly answered yes, and Evatt set out to use Molotov as a character witness. This reassured no one. Then Evatt turned his ire on critical anti-Communists in his own party, and forced the ouster of Catholic Action groups. They set up a rival Labor Party.

Unreal & Defeatist. Labor leaders had cautioned Evatt against using the Petrov spy case as an issue in the election, had urged him instead to campaign along traditional Labor Party lines: more Welfare State benefits, reduction of military expenditure, withdrawal of troops from Malaya, admission of Red China to the

U.N. But the Liberals pinned the Communist label to this policy as well.

"You will find it significant," said Menzies, that Evatt "should now propose a defense policy which is unreal and defeatist and which will be received with enthusiasm only by the Communists and those who support them." In Melbourne, Roman Catholic Archbishop Daniel Mannix, a Catholic Action leader, added: "If the foreign policy of certain leaders is any indication, the Communist rot has begun to set in here."

Ten Smears a Day. While his Iowa-born wife campaigned in his own critical Sydney electorate, Laborite Evatt stumped the country in a sweat-stained hat and rumpled suit, screeching defiance. Said he: "The championship of smearing has passed from Senator McCarthy to the Prime Minister. His election motto is ten smears a day to keep the doctor at bay." But wherever he went, the cry of "Molotov" brought shouts of laughter from his audience. Evatt attacked the Communist Party as "totalitarian in method and antidemocratic in character." But as fast as he shed his red feathers, the Communists stuck them back. A Communist-dominated union collected funds for his campaign: Communist mobs heckled Menzies. Said Menzies: "It takes a Communist mob to try to break up my meetings. Let them yell. It will be their last opportunity."

This week, as 5,000,000 Australians got set to vote, everybody appeared to be getting sick of cockatooing about Communism on one side and McCarthyism on the other. But all polls still showed Menzies, who has been Prime Minister for the past six years, a clear favorite to be re-elected.

CHINA

Sugar-Coated Bullets

Capitalism evidently involves doing what comes naturally. Red China's rulers reluctantly admit. They just can't seem to root out its surviving tendencies. Red Boss Mao Tse-tung has made only two big speeches this year. The first, made last summer but published only last month, decreed a drastic stepping-up of farm collectivization (*TIME*, Dec. 5). The second speech, made six weeks ago, was called "Socialist Transformation of Private Industry and Commerce." It still has not been made public, but its tenor can be judged by a sudden spate of propaganda on the evils of free enterprise.

Nanking's *Hsinhua Daily* took aim at the "lawless bourgeoisie" for using "sugar-coated bullets" in its "attack against the working class." Apparently the remaining shop owners, who are forbidden to close up their businesses while the government exacts a confiscatory tax on all their sales, are guilty of all manner of capitalistic vices. Sample sugar-coated bullet: "evilly increasing salaries." The evil of a wage raise, *Hsinhua Daily* explained, is "in eroding the thinking of the . . . workers, in softening their fighting spirits."

THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

Friendship As Usual

When the State Department's Latin American Affairs chief, Henry Holland, called in Argentina a year ago, he diplomatically saluted President Juan Perón as "a great Argentine"—a judgment very much out of fashion among the revolutionaries who now control the country. But when Holland returned to Argentina last week, he found President Pedro Aramburu and his government quite content to forget it and get on with friendship as usual. Holland twice chatted cordially with Aramburu and held lengthy talks with Aramburu's No. 1 economic advisor, Raúl Prebisch. They agreed to go ahead with the \$60 million U.S. loan for an Argentine steel mill that had been in the works under Perón, and completed the spadework for future credits.

ARGENTINA

Reform Decrees

With a cheerful clanking of governmental wrenches, Revolutionary President Pedro Aramburu last week unbolted some more of the undemocratic machinery put together over a decade by ex-Dictator Juan Perón. One dramatic decree returned the famed newspaper *La Prensa* to its original owners (see PRESS). Another dissolved the strongman's Peronista Party.

Perón's party was an invaluable prop to his dictatorship. Founded in 1949 and force-fed on government funds and jobs, the party grew to 3,000,000 members. Working against divided opposition and favored by winner-take-all election laws, the Peronistas were eventually able to name all but twelve of the 200 legislators in Congress. By party statutes. Chief of the Movement Perón passed on all candidates and party leaders. Charged the decree that dissolved it: the party "served uncon-

ditionally all the deviations, violations and arbitrary acts of the former ruler."

Aramburu also:

❑ Decontrolled many prices and canceled all labor contracts, apparently to promote a freer economy.

❑ Gave a hint of the new government's policy toward the Roman Catholic Church. One noon a presidential car rolled up before the residence of Bishop Miguel de Andrea, took him mysteriously off to the big house he founded for working girls. Inside, waiting at a table for a surprise luncheon with the bishop were President Aramburu and Vice President Isaac Rojas. The girls cheered. Liberal Bishop de Andrea is a popular opponent of the old-fogy Church clique that got along fine with Perón until he tried to curb their prerogatives; from the government's graceful and pointed gesture toward the bishop, Argentines drew obvious conclusions.

CUBA

Righteous Wrath

Cuban journalists, who in the past have stoutly upheld the beauty of Cuban women, the virility of Cuban men and the fame of Havana as a city of tradition and culture as well as of rum and rumbas, manned their typewriters again last week. This time the assault was on film: the sequence in *Guns and Dolls* that shows Gambler Sky Masterson (Marlon Brando) and friends living it up with Havana bawds and bravos in a lowdown nightspot.

Wrote Ulises Carbó, columnist for *Prensa Libre*: "The picture *Guns and Dolls* pictures Havana as a mecca for vice. It even goes to the extreme of presenting an honest missionary (Jean Simmons) who, influenced by what she sees here, gets drunk and passes out on a strange potion from a coconut shell in the midst of an atmosphere of scandal and prostitution." Luis Conte Agüero, *Diario Nacional* col-

umnist, harking back to an earlier assault on Havana's morals, put it differently: "There is a lot of truth in the story, but there are also a lot of false statements, and what is definitely false, and what is irritating, is the intention to picture us as a degraded people . . . The general impression is offensive to our country."

None of the columnists denied that Havana has plenty of unrestrained gaiety. And it is well known that the government believes in reasonable toleration of vice rather than puritanical suppression, which might bring more unemployment, a fall in tourist trade and a drop in the hard-working policeman's extracurricular income. But, as Conte Agüero summed up: "Some tourists look for beautiful vistas and historic sites, while others seek brothels and adventure anywhere they go. These last-named bury themselves in bawdyhouses, which exist here as elsewhere, and think that all Havana is the same as the tiny den to which they descend for a spree led them."

URUGUAY

State Visit

"I'll fight for Uruguayan wool in Boston and Uruguayan beef in Chicago," pronounced President Luis Batlle Berres in Montevideo last week. "I'm going to converse, discuss and fight in a friendly way to defend Uruguayan interests." The upon, Batlle Berres and his wife took for a twelve-day state visit to the U.S., the special invitation of President Eisenhower. The itinerary was loaded with wreath-layings, state dinners, speeches and sightseeing. But President Batlle (pronounced *Bat-zhay*) Berres took his financial minister with him, and some serious talk on economic matters—perhaps even U.S. loans—was clearly expectable in Washington, Boston and Chicago.

The U.S. is sure to like Uruguay



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AT ALL FINE PERFUME COUNTERS

President. The nephew, protégé and successor of Statesman José Batlle y Ordóñez (who 50 years ago implanted modern democracy in a country battered by civil war), Batlle Berres, 58, is an engaging blend of hotheaded leader and old-shoe egalitarian. As a newspaper publisher, radio-station operator and politico, he seems to speak authentically for his liberty-loving little (pop. 3,000,000) nation.

But though Uruguay has rare freedom and with it one of Latin America's highest standards of living, it also has mounting financial problems. The national debt total for the past three years is \$72,800,000, and the government has plans to borrow another \$100 million. Wool sales are lagging behind because of low prices on the world market. A wheat surplus, spurred by government subsidies, is snowballing. To complicate matters, the subsidies have encouraged cattlemen to reduce herds and convert pasture land to wheat. As a result, many of the country's packing and canning plants are idle, and Uruguay has been trying to import beef cattle from Argentina to keep them going. Batlle Berres is sure to have a few words to say about wheat, especially since the U.S., carrying a big surplus itself, is beginning to cut into Uruguay's markets by selling to dollar-short customers such as Brazil, for local currencies (TIME, Nov. 28). U.S. spokesmen for their part may have some polite suggestions about the desirability of whittling down state controls and giving the free economy a chance to run.

Batlle Berres' itinerary calls for a state dinner with Vice President and Mrs. Nixon in Washington, a ticker-tape parade in Manhattan, and a visit with President Eisenhower at Gettysburg. After quick looks at wintry Boston and Chicago, his party will drop in on sunnier Miami. When he returns to Uruguay, Batlle Berres will have less than three months more to serve as President. Then, under the country's Swiss-style, national-council form of government, the No. 2 man in last year's election, Alberto Zubiria, will take over the chairmanship (i.e., the presidency) for one year. But Batlle Berres, on the National Council, will still be well able to reap the benefits of his goodwill trip.

VENEZUELA Bullfighter's Comeback

Wineskins squirted into thirsty mouths; trumpets blared the heart-quickenings *paseo doble* of the brave fiesta; cries of *Olé!* rang across a bull ring that is an exact copy of the one in old Seville. It was the privilege of the prosperous Venezuelan city of Maracay (pop. 64,535) last week to witness the return to the ring of Luis Miguel Dominguín, 30, most artful living bullfighter, who retired in 1953 after eleven active years. The privilege cost Maracay \$50,000 for two weekend corridas. That was the highest pay ever given to a bullfighter, but the promoter knew what he was doing: it was a near sellout at \$10 to \$50 a seat.

The Venezuelans, whose money flows as generously as the joy-juice in their

wineskins, found Dominguín easily worth his fancy fee in the opening fight. His most brilliant kill was his second. He seated himself on the ringside barrier, perilously immobile, while the big bull from Mexico's famed San Mateo ranch charged three times. His gold-and-pink "suit of lights" flashing, Dominguín followed up with a series of classic passes in mid-ring and killed the bull with a single, perfect thrust, winning both ears and the tail. By the time the killer of more than 2,000 bulls had finished off his third that afternoon, Maracay aficionados were so elated that they paraded him through town on their shoulders. Dominguín's own candid opinion: "I believe I am much better today than I was when I quit in '53; I was worn out from those seasons of a hundred fights."

Venezuela was a symbolic place for Dominguín's comeback; it was a bad horn



Mark Kauffman—Sports Illustrated
TORERO DOMINGUÍN IN A DANGEROUS PASS
Footloose and fancy free.

wound there three years ago that had led to his retirement. "I've lost the joy of fighting," he explained at the time. A millionaire twice over, he traded the suit of lights for blue jeans and a checkered shirt on his 6,000-acre New Castilian estate, with its 20-room, tower-topped house, marble statue of himself, and an antique bed for a restless bullfighter—16 ft. by 7 ft. Over the gate he posted his new motto: "Do nothing all day—and rest afterward." He romanced Ava Gardner, hobnobbed with Ernest Hemingway, flirted in Hollywood and Las Vegas. Last spring he married luscious Lucia Bosé, Miss Italy of 1947.

Though he commands record fees, Dominguín, no spendthrift, does not particularly need the money; he returned to the ring, he says, out of "curiosity" and because "one does what one feels he has to do." At Maracay he found that he fought "with more pleasure than ever. Now I fight because I like it."

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**Cine-Kodak Medallion 8
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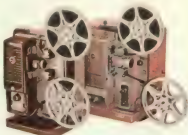
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Patio Ware



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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

After grappling with two ghostwriters on the issue of how memorable her memoirs should be (*TIME*, Oct. 17), the **Duchess of Windsor** joined the dwindling list of do-it-yourself autobiographers, sailed for Paris to take pen in hand, "starting from scratch," in tracing her own rise from Baltimore. Her new title for the yarn, slated to begin serialization in *McCall's* magazine next March: *The Heart Has Its Reasons*.

The county fathers of Los Angeles tardily (by three weeks) honored a famed local citizen's 70th birthday, handed a plaque to prodigious Popularizer **Will (The Story of Philosophy) Durant**, hailed in bronze as "the best known of all the living interpreters of great periods and personalities in history." Shucking off such acclaim, Dr. Durant expertly served up interpretations of two personalities: "I'd say the greatest living philosopher is **Bertrand Russell**, the greatest historian is **Arnold Toynbee**." Asked about the mixed blessing of a long life, he philosophized: "I envy **Marlene Dietrich** [50] because apparently she has been able to defy age. On the other hand, I have more fun writing than looking at Miss Dietrich. To live forever would be about the greatest curse imaginable!"

With half an hour to go one evening during her vigorous portrayal of Joan of Arc in *The Lark*, Broadway's Actress **Julie Harris** (*TIME*, Nov. 28) threw herself into an all-too-real fall onstage, split her lip in sidestepping a footstool. The curtain was rung down for ten minutes, while three doctors recruited from the audience



SIR WINSTON & LADY CHURCHILL
Greetings and gifts.

European

made temporary repairs on Julie. Then, amidst bravos, she finished the play. After that, Julie had eight stitches made in her lip, was almost as good as new at next day's matinee.

Bound for Stuttgart airport on a fog-shrouded *Autobahn*, a bus carrying Germany's Pianist **Walter Gieseking**, 60, crashed into a bridge abutment at 70 m.p.h., brought death to two of its 18 passengers. One of the dead: Gieseking's wife Anna Maria, 66. Famed Musician Gieseking, removed from Allied blacklists in 1946 after his eleven years as an unreluctant performer under Hitler, sustained "serious" head injuries but no hurt to the hands that have made him famous.

The nation's highest-piled governor (6 ft. 8 in.), Alabama's **James E. ("Kissin' Jim") Folsom**, autocritically took off to qualify also as the highest-flying. His recent play, now under investigation by the Air Force: commandeering Alabama's National Guard airplanes to haul Kissin' Jim and his cronies to one of this fall's football games. On New Year's Eve, the Alabama Polytechnic Institute team will take on Vanderbilt University in the "Gator" Bowl game at Jacksonville, Fla. Kissin' Jim plans to be there, free-loaded, with room for a mighty entourage of playmates. Last week, however, anticipating stiff crosswinds from Washington, Folsom decided to brazen it out, announced the flight schedule for one of the South's greatest peacetime air armadas. "Under my power as Commander in Chief of the Alabama Air National Guard, I am ordering every jet, every C-47 and everything that can roll on wheels, much less, fly, to fly over Jacksonville Dec. 31 in a special weather mission," thundered he. "I hear that the Florida runways are in bad shape and need to be inspected, so these here Alabama planes will give the

Jacksonville runway a landing inspection some time during the morning of Dec. 31 and a take-off inspection that afternoon." Asked if he feared any grounding orders from federal authorities, Folsom, virtually there for the big kickoff already, drawled: "I'm the law around here." But at week's end, an aide of Kissin' Jim's nervously volunteered that he was sure Jester Folsom was just jesting.

Just before entertaining friends and relatives at luncheon in their Hyde Park Gate town house in London, **Sir Winston and Lady Churchill**, aglow with good spirits, stepped outside briefly to greet sundry well-wishers. "Wave, dear!" said Lady Churchill. In happy compliance, Churchill flashed his famous V-sign to signify his victory that day over 81 momentous years. All week long, post office trucks had brought a mountain of greetings and gifts to Sir Winston. A special messenger, U.S. Ambassador **Winthrop W. Aldrich**, had personally delivered a birthday present from **Dwight Eisenhower**: a three-inch gold medallion, struck off in the U.S. Mint, bearing a likeness of Churchill taken from Ike's own portrait of him. On its opposite side, a citation flanked a design of clasped hands between British and U.S. shields: "Presented . . . on behalf of his millions of admiring friends in the United States for leadership and in recognition of his signal services to the defense of freedom."

As some 2,000 Fredericton folks cheered in his adopted home province of New Brunswick, Britain's Ontario-born **Lord Beaverbrook**, 75, jauntily snipped a red-white-and-blue ribbon, thus opened an early Christmas gift to the locals, a \$400,000 skating rink. Performing this duty "with a warm heart in a cold climate." The Beaver was proudly armed with a certificate, presented by Fredericton's



ACTRESS HARRIS
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*Shalimar, Vol de Nuit, L'Heure Bleue,
Mitsouko, Lou, Fleur de Feu.*



mayor, giving him the freedom of city. Whimsically, Lord Beaverbrook called a similar rite: "Some years ago I was given the Order of Suworov. I said then . . . it mean that I have many liberties in Moscow? I was told yes. If you get the policemen are told to take you rather than to prison. But, I said, I don't get tight. What then? They said, you ride on the tramcars free. But, I said, I am not in Moscow to ride on the tramcars. What then? You may have an annuity of \$1.25 a month. That was the only benefit that I could see that I could get out of the Order of Suworov."

Soon off to reconnoiter the Antarctic for an expedition he will lead there. Zealand's strapping Sir Edmund Hillary, co-conqueror of Mount Everest, brought his son Peter on his knee, showed the



SIR EDMUND & SON
Small bounce and big feet.

a brogue the size of Noah's ark. Explains Sir Edmund: "The British expedition supplying us with boots, but I've got big feet that I don't trust them to last my size, so I'm taking my own."

Dominican Playboy Porfirio Rubirosa moseyed into Bogotá, Colombia to make preparations for a genuine treasure hunt. Bracing himself for his safari's plunge into the Chocó wilds on Colombia's Pacific Coast, Rubi, out to make the jungle give up some platinum and gold, tested his luck at a race track, won a 9,600 pesos on a 100-to-1 shot. He took his ease in Bogotá's elegantly staid Jockey Club, where he complained at the absence of vodka (he thirsted in vain for a Bloody Mary). Colombia's people hailed his expedition with gleeful glee. Item: a caricature of Rubirosa who away his safari time by pinching a beautiful nude Indian maiden. Asked for a slant on honest labor, the Ding Diddly Daddy from Santo Domingo yawned gaily: "It's impossible for me to work. I just don't have time."



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RADIO & TELEVISION

Plaudits

In Manhattan, the Sylvania Television Awards for 1955 launched the laurel-giving season. Some of the thirty awards:

Show of the Year: *Peter Pan*.

Most Original Teleplay: Robert Alan Aurthur's *A Man Is Ten Feet Tall*.

Best Dramatic Show: Rod Serling's *Patterns*.

Best Actress: Julie Harris in *Wind From the South*.

Best Actor: Sidney Poitier in *A Man Is Ten Feet Tall*.

Best New TV Series: *The \$64,000 Question*.

Best Variety: *Ed Sullivan Show*.

Best Musical Series: *The Voice of Firestone*.

Best Documentary: *The Vice Presidency on See It Now*.

Best Comedy Show: Phil Silvers' *You'll Never Get Rich*.

Best Children's Show: *The Mickey Mouse Club*.

Best Woman's Show: *Home*.

Best Educational Series: *Omnibus*.

Best Commercials: Sanka Coffee, Schweppes Quinine Water, Saran Wrap.

The Week in Review

When audience research showed the TV networks that nearly as many fathers as kids watched western movies, they realized that they were missing a bet. So, with a clatter of hoofs and a hi-yo, the networks this season launched a flood of "grown-up" westerns and began drawing a bead on the competition. Last week CBS's *Gunsmoke* shot up past an NBC Spectacular (Max Liebman's *Dearest Enemy*) by a score of 20.8 to 17.3 in the Trendex ratings. At ABC, the *Cheyenne* segment of *Warner Bros. Presents* has piled up so many more viewers than the other rotating segments (*Casablanca* and *King's Row*) that executives are planning to run *Cheyenne* on alternate weeks instead of every third week as before.

Petticoat Rustle. Not only is the TV western riding hell-for-leather in the ratings; it is turning woman-conscious in an effort to widen its audience. CBS's *Annie Oakley* frankly aims at showing that the female is more deadly than the male, and on NBC's *Frontier*, the rustle of petticoats is fast drowning out the creak of chaps. In last week's show, plucky Beverly Garland, though frail, put-upon and pregnant, drove her weak-spirited menfolk and a herd of cattle more than 600 long miles, through drought, ambush and ennu, from parched Texas to verdant Wyoming. Subsequent *Frontier* programs will tell of Poker Alice (Joan Vohs), the coolest gambler on the plains, and the *Long Road to Tucson* will relate the saga of seven nuns on the trail from San Diego to the Arizona territory. So far, *Wyatt Earp* (starring Hugh O'Brian) has permitted only the occasional intrusion of women, but *Brave Eagle* (with Keith Larsen and Kim Winona) and *Gunsmoke*



"FRONTIER" JOAN VOHS & PLAYERS



"BRAVE EAGLE" LARSEN & WINONA



"WYATT EARP" HUGH O'BRIAN & FRIEND
Frails on the trail.

each have a hot-eyed heroine ready and willing to buckle on the guns and go out after the badmen if *Frontier*'s ratings decree that women belong in the saddle and the men should go back to the range—the kitchen range, that is.

Educational Frills. Ed Murrow filmed a different sort of western for his *See Now* program on education. By poking into Colorado's Jefferson County, where student enrollment has jumped from 6,000 to 19,000 in less than ten years, the CBS cameramen were able to examine in microcosm many of the educational growing pains that are racking the nation. Because the county was arguing whether or not to pass a \$7,000,000 bond issue, Murrow caught arguments at white heat: from farmers and businessmen against the bond issue ("Let's cut out the educational frills . . .") to the equally eloquent clergymen, parents and students on the other side ("If we've got to choose between schools and new cars or washing machines, let's choose schools").

One of the best scenes came from the isolated mountain village of Pine (boasted pop. 250), where three embattled women tongue-lashed Murrow and a member of the school board in what was obviously a long-sought opportunity to air their very real grievances. The film wound up with a televised debate between Alabama's Senator Lister Hill and New York Representative Ralph Gwinn that contained nearly as much nonsense as the preceding 70 minutes had clarity and intelligence.

NBC's *Wide, Wide World* ostensibly dealt with *Our Heritage* but this time its ranging from New Orleans to San Francisco, from Carlsbad Caverns to Canada had a postcard unreality: nothing that the viewer saw seemed to be actually happening. Everything—whether a Cajun picnic or a tour of a three-masted schooner—appeared to have been elaborately and ineptly staged for television.

The week's drama had two near-successes: on the *Alcoa Hour*, *Thunder in Washington* tried to pack into 60 minutes the entire story of a businessman in government, from his hopeful arrival, through his first misdeeds, to his humiliation before a Senate investigating committee. Author David Davidson struck boldly through the tangled swamp known as Conflict of Interest, but not even yeoman work by Melvyn Douglas and Ed Begley could make the main issues clear. *Climax!* starred Michael Rennie in *Man of Taste*, a melodrama about an art dealer who had a method for improving the price on his artists' paintings—he simply killed them off after they had done enough canvases to give him a comfortable backlog. Like most such rogues, Rennie seemed far too intelligent to have been caught at his crimes, but caught he was, and made a satisfactory exit to the scaffold.

Old Army Game

When owl-eyed Phil Silvers scored his surprising Trendex rating victory over Milton Berle, he was the first entertainer to accomplish the feat in all Berle's years on television. Silvers followed his win



Oh-h-h! those '56 OLDSMOBILES!

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OF FLUID ...
ALL THE *Go*
OF GEARS !



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Liquid-smooth and lightning-quick! Oldsmobile's new Jetaway Hydra-Matic gives you the flashing action of "going" gears plus the velvet smoothness of two fluid couplings. The result is almost an air-borne feeling—quiet, swift and incredibly smooth. And in appearance, the new Oldsmobile is a stand-out, too. With inspired new Starfire styling—bold new air-foil grille—sweeping new body lines—a daring, different look from every angle! See the cars that are out ahead to stay ahead ... Rocket Oldsmobiles for '56!

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PHIL SILVERS

Yolo Joel—LIFE

"Now they adore me all out."

with a similar victory over Martha Raye. Last week, to prove it was no accident, he beat Uncle Miltie again.

Bald, horn-rimmed Phil Silvers, 43, has been near the show-business top for years (as in Broadway's hit musicals, *High Button Shoes* and *Top Banana*), but until his TV *Phil Silvers Show* (Tues. 8 p.m., CBS), he had never quite scored a national success. He is still bitter about Hollywood, which kept him dangling for nearly a decade: "When I did work in pictures, I was always Blinky, the hero's best friend, I was the one in the last reel who tells Betty Grable that the guy really loves her."

Phil began to circle cautiously around television a year ago. NBC offered to star him in some Spectaculars, but he refused: "So you make a big hit in a Spectacular—the next day you're the forgotten man. I wanted a steady job and a steady paycheck." CBS gave him a contract and tossed in Producer-Writer Nat Hiken, a gloomy young man (41) who has supplied funny lines and situations for a generation of radio and TV comics, including Fred Allen, Jack Carson, Milton Berle and Martha Raye. The two men moved into Hiken's private office, a cold-water, off-Broadway flat on Manhattan's West Side, and set to work.

They considered and discarded dozens of formats. For a while, Phil was going to play a busybody brother-in-law; then they switched to making him the manager of a minor-league baseball team; then the proprietor of a combined gymnasium and rehearsal hall. Silvers says: "When Nat first thought of this Army thing, I didn't like it. But it had one major quality—it wasn't show business. I'm fed up with comedies about show business."

So Master Sergeant Ernie Bilko was born. As Silvers plays him, the sergeant's middle name is larceny; he bamboozles everybody on the post with the fast-

talking ease of a gypsy promising to double a housewife's savings if she will just wrap up the dough in a clean handkerchief. The show is filmed in Manhattan, where Brooklyn-born Phil Silvers is happiest, and he has his weekends free to go to prizefights, hockey games, and, in season, root for the Dodgers. His left-footed TV platoon is loaded with ex-rimmen (Middleweight Walter Cartier, Lightweight Maxie Shapiro, Fight Manager Jack Healy), and Silvers hopes he is settled for a long TV run: "I had adoration before, but it was never anything like this. It was a limited-type adoration. Now they adore me all out."

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, Dec. 7. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Disneyland (Wed. 7:30 p.m., ABC). *The Goofy Success Story*.

Screen Directors Playhouse (Wed. 8 p.m., NBC). John Wayne in *Rookie of the Year*.

U.S. Steel Hour (Wed. 10 p.m., CBS). *Edward, My Son*, with Robert Morley, Ann Todd.

Lux Video Theater (Thurs. 10 p.m., NBC). *Suspicion*, with Louis Hayward, Kim Hunter.

Mighty Mouse Playhouse (Sat. 1:30 p.m., CBS). A new animated show for children.

Perry Como Show (Sat. 8 p.m., NBC). With Gertrude Berg, Les Paul and Mary Ford, Polly Bergen, Jean Pierre Aumont.

Hall of Fame (Sun. 4 p.m., NBC). Maurice Evans' production of *Dream Girl*, with Vivian Blaine.

Famous Film Festival (Sun. 7:30 p.m., ABC). Alec Guinness in *The Promoter*.

Ed Sullivan Show (Sun. 8 p.m., CBS). Abbott & Costello, Teresa Brewer, Joyce Grenfell, Mimi Benzell.

Alcoa Hour (Sun. 9 p.m., NBC). Teresa Wright in *Undertow*.

Producers' Showcase (Mon. 8 p.m., NBC). Sadler's Wells Ballet production of *The Sleeping Beauty*, with Margot Fonteyn, Michael Somes.

See It Now (Tues. 9 p.m., CBS). Grandma Moses and Louis Armstrong.

RADIO

American Adventure (Thurs. 9:05 p.m., NBC). The story of Novelists Thomas Wolfe.

Senator William Knowland (Fri. 11:30 p.m., ABC). Speech to the 60th N.A.M. convention.

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*, with Peerce, Merrill, Anderson, Peters.

Philadelphia Orchestra (Sat. 9:05 p.m., CBS). Music of Tchaikovsky and Dvorak.

Basin Street Jazz (Sat. 10:05 p.m., CBS). With Al Hibbler and Illinois Jacquet.

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). Music of Sibelius and von Weber.

Telephone Hour (Mon. 9 p.m., NBC). Soprano Renata Tebaldi.

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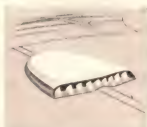
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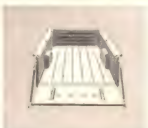
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MEDICINE

Back to Abortions

Among other forms of Marxist progress, the Communist Revolution brought Russia "voluntary motherhood." A 1920 law permitted Soviet hospitals to perform abortions without charge. Business got so heavy that women queued up in some of the bigger hospitals. Abortions were soon rivaling births in some Soviet cities, and a small fee was charged for the service. Alarmed at this drainage of its manpower, Russia banned abortions in 1936 except for strictly therapeutic reasons.

Last week the Soviet government announced that abortions will once more be permitted in Russian state medical institutions to women who want them. Probable reason for the reversal: the spread throughout Russia of illegal abortions. Henceforth, said the government, it will try to avert abortions not by law but by "further extension of state measures for encouraging motherhood and by educational and explanatory means."

Thanatopsis, 1955

All over the U.S., patients in analysis were deprived of their daily or every-other-day sessions last week as 500 members of the American Psychoanalytic Association stepped away from their couches and journeyed to Manhattan for their winter meeting. At scientific sessions there was little to distinguish them from any other group of medical specialists; they jam-packed smoke-filled rooms and listened to the latest theories with polite interest, though they were outspoken in disbelief of some of the more farfetched ideas.

A speaker who won respectful attention but little agreement was Manhattan's Mortimer Ostow, 37. He recalled that after observing the violence of World War I, Sigmund Freud revised his basis for psychoanalysis: instead of hunger and lust, which he had previously rated as the fundamental instincts, he postulated love (Eros) and a death instinct (Thanatos). Dr. Ostow made a different proposal. Instead of changing psychoanalysis again to meet the threat of World War III, he suggested that Freud's amended theory be applied to improve mankind so as to ensure peace. His recommendation: analyze all statesmen.

Analyst Ostow was not fazed by the fact that Freud's concept of a death instinct has proved difficult to accept. On it, he based his campaign to make the world safe for Eros. "It is the death instinct that is responsible for murder, wars,



ANALYST OSTOW
Make the world safe for Eros.

suicide and destructiveness," said he. While Eros fights and ultimately controls Thanatos, modern warfare could destroy most of the world's population and culture before Eros has time even to warm up.

"If we are sure that psychoanalysis can attenuate the potential of death instinct—and I believe it can—then we are in a position to urge with conviction the psychoanalysis of all candidates for significant political leadership. But even that is a remote and limited goal. The impact of Freud's writings has been sufficient to relax . . . some of the most recent and superficial repressions even of individuals



PHILICULIST KELVIN
Make the head safe for hair?

who have not been analyzed. If the death instinct is equally well accepted and publicized by analysts, would dissemination of this information have a salutary effect on society?"

Analyst Ostow answered his own question: "Possibly." In any case, he was certain, telling the world about the death instinct could do no harm. But he was more hopeful than his hearers. Snapped leading Manhattan Freudian Dr. Lawrence S. Kubie: "We don't need instincts to explain the phenomena of cruelty."

Further highlights of the analysts' searching of their own and others' souls: ¶ All the advice now so freely given on "how not to worry" is misleading, suggested Beverly Hills' Dr. Judd Marmor: "[Too] many people operate on the assumption that to worry about anything is *ipso facto* 'neurotic' and that the 'normal' person should never worry. [Actually] to be unworried in the face of distressing or threatening reality may sometimes be a symptom of a severe mental disorder, rather than a sign of mental health."

¶ What some doctors have called "Christmas neurosis" and "holiday syndrome" is foreshadowed in dreams, reported Manhattan's Psychosomatist Flanders Dunbar. In 50 patients he found that dreams changed as holidays or anniversaries neared, and the dreams were likely to be filled with dramatic expressions of hostility and guilt. Symptoms of physical illness (skin, stomach and heart complaints) at these times "may serve as a sort of safety valve and prevent at least temporarily a psychotic episode."

¶ Psychoanalysts enjoy their work as much as anybody else and should stop pretending that they don't, said Chicago's Dr. Thomas Szasz (pronounced sass). They should quit thinking of themselves as the ever-giving parent, with the patient-child doing all the receiving, and should admit that they get satisfaction out of a sense of mastery in helping to solve problems and feel vindicated when their treatment proves successful. Dr. Szasz's warning: beware of analysts who yammer about the emotional hardships of their calling.

Mirage

An expectant tingling raced over thousands of shiny pates last year when Glasgow's Dr. John Kelvin, 53, reported that two patients had grown hair on their bald heads after taking tablets he had prescribed for cramps (TIME, Sept. 27, 1954). Possible explanation for the growth: the drug (Ronicol) improved circulation of the scalp by its vasodilating (artery-widening) action. No one was more excited than a Manhattan businessman with a full head of hair: Lynn Robert Akers, 35, president of 21 Akers Hair and Scalp Clinics scattered throughout the U.S. He promptly flew to Glasgow, offered Dr. Kelvin \$10,000 a year to become director of a proposed Akers research laboratory in Glasgow.

Philiculist Kelvin thought it over and asked the British General Medical Council to remove his name from its

¶ Though at play there was a marked difference. Analysts are mad for dancing and jammed the floor during both cocktail and dinner dances, in contrast with other doctors, who usually sit out most of their dances. Analysts themselves offer two explanations: 1) unlike surgeons who work on their feet among many assistants, they are secluded in soundproof rooms with one patient; 2) they have more need to be seen and appreciated by colleagues.

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roster. He visited the U.S. twice for consultation with Akers' staff. Last week, back in Britain and fighting to keep his council listing, Dr. Kelvin was accused by the council's disciplinary committee of "infamous conduct in a professional respect." His defense: he had been victimized by American advertising and press-agentry. His discovery, he said, had been played up in phony ads, he had been goaded by reporters, and the proposed clinic had proved "a mirage."

Moved by his tale, the disciplinary committee put Kelvin on probation for two years. In Manhattan, meanwhile, Entrepreneur Akers blithely brushed off Kelvin's charges, called him "a little Scottish country doctor who was scared to death in this country."

Responsible doctors continued to pooch Kelvin's or anyone else's hair restorer. Kelvin says he has not tried Roniacol pills on his own bald head.

Drug Lore

Indispensable to the dispenser, be he doctor or druggist, is the dispensatory. The archaic name is appropriate: last week appeared the 25th edition in 122 years of *The Dispensatory of the United States of America* (Lippincott; \$25), a strapping olderster of 8 lbs. 2 oz.

Skilfully compounded in its 2,139 pages are all the officially approved drugs listed in the U.S., British and International Pharmacopoeias, plus the permissible "non-official" remedies. It takes 80 pages of index merely to list the items from acacia (the pillroller's gummy old standby) to zygodendrus (a plant poisonous to grazing animals).

Of the 500-odd items added since the last (1947) edition, most are complex organic substances like the hormones ACTH, cortisone, hydrocortisone, aldosterone, prednisone; peace-of-mind preparations such as *Ranwolfa* derivatives and chlorpromazine; assorted sedatives for a restless age; and a slew of new antibiotics. Penicillin in 137 varieties rates 28 pages. Medicinal radioisotopes, included for the first time, take four pages. Antihistamines, just becoming popular in 1947, have multiplied like rabbits.

Dropped because they are outmoded are another 500 items. Mostly herbals, these included cypripedium (lady's slipper), once used as a sedative in hysteria and neuralgia; diabetes weed, and corn smut (derived from a fungus), which stimulated uterine contractions in childbirth. Carried over from edition to edition, of course: quack grass.

Capsules

¶ No sooner had the Salk polio vaccine received an apparently clean bill of health (TIME, Nov. 28) than the Massachusetts State Poliomyelitis Advisory Committee dissented.* State authorities, it ruled, are still not to use the vaccine until there is

* Among the members: Virologist John F. Enders and Physician Thomas H. Weller, who won the Nobel Prize for basic discoveries which made the vaccine possible.

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more convincing safety evidence. Last summer Massachusetts was stricken with the worst polio epidemic in its history (3,844 cases reported so far this year), and all-out advocates of the Salk vaccine have argued that many cases might have been prevented if the advisory committee had not blocked the injection program. But the committee is worried about the opposite possibility: that the vaccine may have contributed to the epidemic. Live virus might slip through undetected, cause no infection in the person injected, yet it could multiply in his body and infect other members of the family or playmates. However, the committee expressed hope that by mid-January improved methods will have made the vaccine really safe.

Chosen by the American Medical Association as General Practitioner of the Year: 66-year-old Dr. E. Roger Samuel of Mount Carmel, Pa. (pop. 15,000). A pipe smoker, Dr. Samuel thinks that won-



G.P. OF THE YEAR SAMUEL
A debtor is an enemy.

der drugs are more dangerous than to harco, said he had "too many bad results" in using antibiotics. His advice to young practitioners: collect your bills promptly, because "a person who owes you a bill is your worst enemy."

Smoking, already tied to lung cancer, picked up another morbid relation when Drs. Francis C. Lowell, William Franklin, Alan L. Michelson and Irving W. Schiller, all of Massachusetts Memorial Hospital, told a Boston meeting of the American Medical Association that they have discovered an association between smoking and obstructive pulmonary emphysema. In a study of 34 victims of emphysema—a swelling and rupture of the lung's tiny air sacs that can prove disabling or even fatal—the doctors discovered that 100% of the patients smoked, and that they smoked an average of twice as many "pack years" (packs per day times years of smoking) as other patients.

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SPORT

Boston Brawl

Ring-wise fight fans took it for granted that Welterweight Champion Carmen Basilio would have a rough night at the Boston Garden. If Challenger Tony DeMarco stayed on his feet for 15 rounds—so the speculation went—home-town officials would give him the title. All afternoon before the bout, odds on the champ dropped accordingly. By fight time, the price was 6 to 5. Basilio's handlers filed an angry beef with the Massachusetts Boxing Commission. "What gives?" wailed Co-Manager Johnny de John. "My boy is getting a bum deal."

In the champion's corner, only Basilio himself seemed unconcerned. The one-time onion farmer from Canastota, N.Y., had taken the title away from DeMarco with a twelfth-round technical knockout last June; he saw no reason why he could not do as well again.

Both are converted southpaws, and they were converted into anything but boxers. From the start they hardly bothered with anything so effete as an old-fashioned left jab. Free-swinging hooks to head and gut were what they threw. Nor was either of them beyond trying incautious right-hand leads. It made a fine, bloody brawl. And DeMarco came close to finishing it in the seventh, when he clobbered the champ with a left hook to the jaw. Basilio's legs began a limber, loose-kneed dance of their own; his eyes emptied and his seconds screamed for him to go down, to take a count.

If he heard, Basilio gave no sign. He swayed and stumbled and held on, too proud to do anything but fight it out on his feet. He was still standing at the bell.

In the next round the champ took another pasting. Once more he rode it out. DeMarco was frantic. He had tagged Basilio with the best he had, and Basilio kept moving forward for more.

The challenger had punched himself arm-weary; he had no more to give. Now Basilio's strength was back, and his hooks were finding the range. In the twelfth, he landed a looping left flush on DeMarco's jaw. The challenger was out on his feet. A merciful shove would have sent him down, but Basilio lowered his sights and fired away at Tony's body. Slowly and gracefully, Tony slid to the canvas. He was up at the count of eight. Basilio moved in to finish him, but Referee Mel Manning was faster. He brushed Basilio aside and took his time slowly wiping the resin from Tony's gloves. It was a wasted effort. Tony was still out when the champ chopped him down once more. This time, all Referee Manning could do was catch his man and ease him down. It had taken Carmen Basilio just two seconds longer to hang on to his title than it had taken him to win it in the first place.

Wilt the Stilt

Forrest C. ("Phog") Allen, veteran basketball coach at the University of Kansas, turned 70 last month. As might be expected, he celebrated his birthday by watching a basketball game. It was quite a party. Phog saw his varsity soundly trounced by the K.U. freshmen 81-71—and yet he was the happiest man in the jam-packed fieldhouse. Not that Phog likes to lose, but it was pure pleasure for him to watch the biggest freshman of them all, Wilton Chamberlain (7 ft. 2 in., 210



COACH PHOG ALLEN & FRIEND
All the world, and ten-foot baskets too.

lbs.), dunk in 42 points all by himself. In 39 years of talking tall young men into coming to Kansas for their higher education, Phog Allen has never recruited a more promising student of basketball than "Wilt the Stilt."

The Philadelphia Negro is the main reason that Phog is still coaching. Kansas regents require that state college teachers retire at 70, but once Phog got his hands on the three-story Stilt, he wasted no time talking the regents into letting him stick to his job. "I'm not going to miss the chance to coach this kid," he said. "He's the greatest basketball player alive today."

Feel & Touch. While Wilt was still a student at Philadelphia's Overbrook High School, at least 140 different colleges shared Phog's high opinion of him. They offered Wilt the world—tuition, cars, free air travel home on weekends—but Phog outfoxed them all. After peddling Kansas' virtues to Wilt and his coach, he turned his charm on Wilt's mother ("Mrs. Chamberlain, now I see why Wilt is such a nice boy").

Phog then called in reinforcements, managed to enlist the help of 1) Negro Concert Singer Etta Moten, a Kansas alumna, who wrote to the Chamberlains, 2) Dowdell H. Davis, general manager of a Kansas City Negro weekly, who flew east to make his pitch, 3) Professor Calvin Vanderwerf, of K.U.'s chemistry department, who passed through Philadelphia and called on Wilt's mother. Said Mrs. Chamberlain: "We've had many colleges speak to us about Wilton, but you're the first one who was a professor. I'm so happy to have someone talk about the academic side." By the end of May, Phog



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Allen and K.U. had won the Stilt sweepstakes. "Wilton," he said, "I know you'll be happy here."

Sudden Amnesia. To make sure that both he and Wilt stay happy, Phog himself works with the freshman phenomenon twice a week. One of the first things he did was to start Wilt reading Helen Keller's *The Story of My Life* "to develop his sense of feel and touch." Phog's current project: teaching Wilt finger manipulation, how to put English on the ball, how to spin it in from all angles when he is jammed in the bucket.

The demand to see those big fingers in operation is so great that Phog has had to rearrange his schedule to put the freshmen on the program before each home varsity game. "Everywhere I go," says Phog, "they ask me about Wilt the Stilt. I've seen them all: Joe Lapchick,* Clyde Lovelette, Hank Luisetti—all the top men, and this kid is the best I've ever seen. For 20 years I've used a twelve-foot basket in my gym; as far as I know, I'm the only coach who does it. Wilt can touch the rim of that basket on a jump. He can jump 24 inches off the floor. I've never seen a tall man in my life who could equal it. This kid actually slams the ball down into the basket. He uses two hands and just whams it right down in."

Ever since basketball was first invaded by big men, Phog Allen has campaigned loudly to have that twelve-foot basket of his made regulation; the regulation height is now ten feet. The big shooters, he has argued often, are killing the passing, the dribbling, the teamwork that makes basketball exciting. But now Phog has Wilt the Stilt. Says he with a quiet smile: "Twelve-foot baskets? What are you talking about? I've developed amnesia."

Papa Bear

To hear him tell it, the old footballer is too tired to stick at his job for another year. It is hard to believe. This week, while his Chicago Bears squeaked past the Detroit Lions 21-20, Owner-Coach George Stanley Halas, 60, raged along the sidelines with the energy of a rookie. He might just as well have put himself back in the line-up. When Fullback Chick Jagade lowered his head and bucked up-field on the first play from scrimmage, Halas dug in and drove with him. Then Jagade fumbled. Halas stopped in horror. His foot came back and he kicked an imaginary ball right out of the field in disgust. Nervous substitutes kept a careful eye on their coach. They can still remember when Halas tried one of those phantom boots and place-kicked a 240-lb. guard right off the bench.

Wise Decision. For the better part of his long career, George Halas has been following a football with the same furious enthusiasm. For a short time after he graduated from the University of Illinois in 1918, he seemed well on his way to

* Who now coaches the N.Y. Knickerbockers, and last week was still complaining because the Philadelphia Warriors had drafted rights to Wilt as of 1959 even before he went to Kansas.



United Press
COACH GEORGE HALAS

For some it's girls, for some football.

becoming a big-league baseball player. He signed with the Yankees in 1919, and was slated to become their regular rightfielder. Then he broke his leg running out a spring-training triple. While Halas mended, the Yanks made do with an ex-pitcher named George Herman Ruth. Halas watched his substitute play and wisely decided that he would never get his job back. After that he stuck close to football.

In those days, pro football was a catch-as-catch-can collection of part-time players. Men like George Halas took over the tough job of turning the game into a money-making proposition. When the A. E. Staley Starch Products Co. of Decatur, Ill., decided to give up their team, Halas, who was the coach, bought the franchise and moved to Chicago. Now Halas was a triple threat: owner, coach and player all at once. Times were so tough he also doubled as trainer, ticket-seller and publicity man. Not until he signed the great Red Grange in 1925, was Halas able to get off the financial hook.

Slowly, gate receipts went up. Halas was always ready to help please the customers. His teams opened up the game by revising the "T" formation and adding a man-in-motion. Then George jazzed things some more by engineering a couple of rule changes: goal posts were moved from back of the end zone to the goal line, forward passes were made legal from any point behind the line of scrimmage. It was easy enough to rewrite the rule book: George, among other things, was chairman of the rules committee.

New Tricks. Halas himself quit playing in 1930, but with such great stars as Bronko Nagurski, Beattie Featherstone, Joe Stydahar and Sid Luckman, the Bears

Announcing: New G-E Bonus Line of lamps, incorporating the most important development in light bulb filaments since 1913!

New G-E discovery uses revolutionary stand-up filament to give you 15% more light from a bulb



Compare standard crosswise filament, left, with new G-E stand-up filament, in bulb on right. Note reduction in bulb blackening after same hours of use.

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earned the nickname "Monsters of the Midway," and won more than their share of divisional titles.

Coach Halas, never satisfied, was always practicing new tricks. He was one of the first to make a fetish of studying post-game movies. "I never realized how thorough those movie sessions are," said one Chicago sportswriter. "until I saw the Bears' staff screening a film. They ran one play over and over—30 times—without saying a word. Finally Assistant Coach Luke Johnsos said, 'It's the goddam guard,' and the meeting was over."

In the early '50s, the Bears' fortunes sagged. Owner Halas, however, stubbornly refused to fire Coach Halas until he had built another title contender. Last season the Bears finished second in the Western Conference; this season they still have a chance of going all the way. They have won seven, lost four, and are running fast in a close race for the Western Conference championship. Coach Halas is satisfied at last. He is ready to step down and devote more time to his other interests—real estate, oil wells, a laundry and a mail-order house. But Millionaire Halas will never get over his pigskin heart. "You know," he said sadly last week, "there is no greater thrill in life for me than winning a National League game. Other men may get theirs from liquor, or dope, or girls or golf. For me, nothing can equal winning a football game."


Scoreboard

❑ Running well in front of all opposition, Ohio State's shifty Halfback Howard ("Hopalong") Cassidy won the Heisman Memorial Trophy, awarded annually by Manhattan's Downtown Athletic Club to the "outstanding college football player in the United States."

❑ Suspended from amateur competition for accepting expense money in excess of A.A.U.-approved limits, America's best miler, Wes Santee, copped a plea by admitting his guilt and arguing that dozens of other track stars do the same thing. The Missouri Valley Association of the A.A.U. revoked the suspension, and the National A.A.U. opened its annual convention by solemnly searching for means of cracking down on promoters whose payoffs corrupt otherwise pure amateurs.

❑ Baseball writers began an early warm-up for next season's campaign by electing Yankee Catcher Yogi Berra the Most Valuable Player in the American League for the second year in a row and the third time in his career. Other three-time American League winners: Jimmy Foxx, of the Philadelphia Athletics and the Boston Red Sox, and the Yankees' Joe DiMaggio.

❑ After missing in five races at Florida's Tropical Park, Jockey Willie Hartack (TIME, Nov. 28) climbed aboard the eighth-race favorite, Athena, and booted home his 400th winner of the year. Hartack moved up with Willie Shoemaker, the only other 400 winner, just in time. He will have precious few racing days left to mount more winners: for letting his horse bear out in an earlier race, he drew a ten-day suspension.



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THE THEATER

New Musical in Manhattan

Pipe Dream (music by Richard Rodgers; book and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II). Always anxious not to repeat themselves, Rodgers & Hammerstein have turned in *Pipe Dream* to the flophouse and bordello set of John Steinbeck's *Cannery Row*. When not cavorting, the bims and bums heave and push at a constantly stalled romance between a popular young scientist and a pretty waif befriended by a madam. To get Doc a microscope, Cannery Row stages a raffle and fancy-dress brawl, and when the lovelorn



Fred Fehl

JUDY TYLER & HELEN TRAUBEL
The butterscotch is hootch-coated.

heroine takes up despairing residence inside a boiler, they have at the lovelorn hero to fetch her out.

Except for nice music, *Pipe Dream* is pretty much of a bust. It is so warm-hearted about a cold world, so high-minded about its lowlifes as to emerge mere hootch-coated butterscotch. Its hawdyhouse seems about as sinful as Saturday night in a Y.W.C.A.; when its mugs and molls carouse, what is meant to be lowdown seems more like a hoe-down. And it is not just the madam who has a heart of gold; with all of its characters' hearts, *Pipe Dream* shows a positive Midas touch.

Seldom truly raffish, the show is often just plain dull. There are some attractive Hammerstein lyrics, and the Rodgers score ranges pleasantly from the lilt of *A Lopsided Bus* to the schmalz of *All at Once You Love Her*. But the production adds little gloss: the dancing is uninspired,

the performing—except for William Johnson as Doc—unimpressive. TV's Judy Tyler is little more than a pretty ingénue, and as the madam, Opera Singer Helen Traubel is wildly though likably miscast.

Hamlet in Moscow

No theatrical troupe can ever be completely sure of how it will be received in a strange town—particularly when the troupe is English and the town is Moscow. Last week, for the first time since the 1917 revolution, an English theatrical company was playing in the Soviet capital. It had come to town with an old Russian favorite: Shakespeare's *Hamlet* (which was presented in the Russian theater of the 1930s as a story of the triumph of a young revolutionary). The *Hamlet* was a new production (in English) that had not even been proved in London, boasted but a single starkly simple set, and offered a talented but young (33) and relatively untried *Hamlet*, Paul Scofield.

For its Moscow run of twelve performances, the English company was moved into the Moscow Art Theater, where it occupied famed Director-Theorist Stanislavsky's own playhouse, an austere place that looks less like a theater than a lecture hall. All seats for all performances were sold out days in advance, and on opening night crowds of Muscovites besieged the theater and tied up traffic for hours as they watched 1,200 diplomats, officials and theater personalities, not a single one in evening dress, converge on the spectacle. Though theater lovers offered four times the box-office price for first-night tickets, there were no sellers.

First-nighters were not disappointed. They saw a fast-moving, 3-hr.-20-min. *Hamlet*. When the house lights went on at the end of the play, the entire audience rose to its feet and surged down toward the stage. An immense (6 ft. tall) bouquet was sent up to the actors, who took 16 curtain calls, during the last three of which the audience chanted Scofield's name in unison. After the applause had been going on for so long that the actors felt the need to introduce some variety, they applauded the audience for their reception. Said Actor Alec Clunes, who played the king: "All through the performance the audience was very much with us. We didn't get as many laughs as we would expect to get in London, but we got many. And I suspect we got a lot of tears."

Unlike the audience, *Pravda's* Critic Boris Zakhava did not allow himself to be swept away. But he did call the direction "bold and bright," and Scofield's *Hamlet* "clean and honest." Editorially, *Pravda* called the audience enthusiasm "a demonstration of the friendly feelings of the Soviet people for the English people." The demonstration was carried on nightly at the stage door after the show in a form familiar to the West: hordes of teen-age girls descended on Scofield and mobbed him for autographs.

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EDUCATION

How to Attract Attention

A few minutes before 9 o'clock one night last week, the lights were dimmed in the grand ballroom of Washington's Sheraton Park Hotel, and all eyes in the room focused on a large screen behind the speakers' lectern. In a filmed talk, the President of the U.S. welcomed 1,782 delegates and 422 observers to the White House Conference on Education—the most prodigious meeting of its kind ever held. "We are," said the President, "faced today with the grave problem of providing a good education for American youth." How is the job to be done? During the next three days, the delegates were supposed to find some answers.

For months, they had been boning up. The 48 states, as well as Alaska, Hawaii and Puerto Rico, had held hundreds of

cided to raise a rumble of their own. The entire White House Conference, they said, had been "stacked" against federal aid to education.

166 Tables. In spite of all this, the delegates heard the President, listened to a speech by Vice President Nixon, and the next morning went to work. They had six broad topics to cover, and the mechanics of the conference were complicated. The delegates were divided up into 166 different tables. They talked for 2½ hours on the topic at hand, came to some sort of agreement, then sent their chairmen off to 16 other tables. These tables of chairmen proceeded to agree among themselves, and each one then sent its leader off to two final tables. From there the last two chairmen were appointed to draw up a report for the convention as a whole.

Inasmuch as the U.S. had been arguing

Just About Everything. At 10 on Tuesday morning, the round-table discussions began. By that evening, the final report on Topic 1 was ready. What should the schools teach? Just about everything, it turned out, from the three Rs to respect for human values to "an awareness of our relationships with the world community." As might have been expected, the conference sidestepped the question of whether religion should be taught in the public schools.

Topic 2—In what ways can we organize our school systems more efficiently and economically?—revealed the extraordinarily elaborate architecture of the U.S. school system. Some school districts are identical with the county, others with the city and others with the hamlet. Only one in eight has 40 teachers or more; some have thousands of pupils, others have only one or two. And 7,764 out of the 39,270 districts in the continental U.S. have no schools at all. Among the recommendations of the conference: more guidance from the state on population trends, expansion of the U.S. Office of Education.

As the days wore on, the delegates faced even more depressing statistics. After a special survey made by the conference steering committee, former Governor William Preston Lane Jr. of Maryland estimated that the U.S. now needs 203,000 more classrooms, will need an additional 170,000 by 1960. From their discussions, the delegates learned that new classrooms would not be easy to get. Though no state said that it could not possibly afford to build more schools, most reported that there was no "political determination powerful enough to overcome all of the obstacles."

Among the obstacles discussed were obsolete building codes, state limits on school bonds, the almost total reliance on property taxes to support the schools, and the general resistance of most communities to raising taxes. The final report on Topic 3 suggested better information services within the states, the establishment of state planning commissions for public buildings, changes in local and state tax laws.

Searching Parties. The nation's schools, of course, have more than one shortage. The conference's steering committee reported that the U.S. needs 165,000 more elementary teachers and 40,000 more high-school teachers. Where will they come from? Among the delegates' recommendations: recruitment of high-school students through Future Teacher Clubs and special Career Days; a review of teacher-training programs to make them not easier but more palatable; hiring former qualified teachers, raising salaries, relieving teachers of the nonprofessional duties that could be done by lay assistants.

Of all the topics discussed, none was more fundamental than the need for money. This brought the conference hard up against the ticklish problem of federal aid. Though President Eisenhower had come out for a limited federal program, he warned that "the responsibility for



EDUCATION ROUND TABLES IN WASHINGTON
How is the job to be done?

Mont Walker—LIFE

local meetings involving parents and teachers, farmers and bankers, school officials and even governors (TIME, Sept. 12). From most states had come voluminous reports crammed with facts and figures that seemed to indicate a crisis in the nation's schools. But in spite of all good intentions, the conference's opening was not without some preliminary hickering.

Ten days before, the Roman Catholic bishops of the U.S. had issued a joint statement saying that the children in private and parochial schools "have the right to benefit" from any aid the Government might extend to the public schools. Glenn L. Archer, Executive Director of Protestants and Other Americans for Separation of Church and State, promptly denounced the statement as "artifice and studied nonsense." Later the 10 delegates from the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. de-

about it for nearly 200 years. Topic 1—What should our schools accomplish?—was, at the least, ambitious. In his opening speech before the round-table discussions began, President James R. Killian Jr. of M.I.T. reported that he had received scores of letters urging the "strengthening [of] the teaching of science . . . more emphasis on high intellectual standards, more attention to the teaching of human relations, to remedial reading, character improvement, citizenship, spiritual education, hand-mindedness, our American heritage, teacher competence, foreign relations, foreign languages, money management, Asia, self-knowledge and sundry other fields." Nevertheless, said he, the conference would have to cope. "People who disagree on the fundamental principles cannot easily agree on school budgets, or on much of anything else connected with education."



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educating our young is primarily local." Local responsibility, however, varies. In Minnesota, classroom valuations range from \$467 to \$169,736; in Arizona they jump from \$15,761 to \$2,123,809. Some states provide up to 86% of the total school budget; others contribute only 6%. Should the U.S. Government step in when the community has done all it can?

Demonstrated Needs. By a majority of two to one, the delegates said yes. But the type of federal aid the majority wanted was limited to school construction. Only half the delegates thought that the Government should help with operating costs, and all warned against any "detriment to state and local initiative." The Eisenhower Administration was apparently ready to agree. On the last day of the conference, Marion Folsom, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, conferred with the President and then called for a federal aid program for school construction based on the "demonstrated needs" of both state and community.

Never before had the principle of federal aid seemed quite so official. But this was perhaps not the main achievement of the White House Conference. True enough, the various reports were frustratingly vague. The discussions were so short that each topic received only superficial treatment. Yet almost every state had plans for further conferences. California's Farm Bureau expects to sponsor 100 local groups. Idaho's Legislative Interim Committee on Education intend to hold hearings all over the state: Missouri plans to hold 1,700 local meetings. The big gathering may have been nothing more than an attention-getting device, but that in itself was probably enough. "When we go home," said Neil McElroy, Chairman of the President's Committee for the White House Conference on Education and President of Procter & Gamble, in his farewell speech, "let us all in our different ways continue this work. A cause like this is so good that it should enlist our energies as long as we live."

Report Card

Gift of the week: \$7,150,000 from the Commonwealth Fund (established in 1918) by the late Mrs. Stephen V. Harkness, widow of the oil tycoon) to ten university medical schools: to Harvard and Western Reserve \$1,000,000 each; to Columbia, Cornell, New York University, Tulane and Yale \$750,000 each; to Emory (Atlanta) \$600,000; to Chicago \$500,000, and to Southern California \$300,000. Purpose of the unrestricted grants: to help the schools "institute or maintain creative programs in medical education."

In a chapel talk to his students, Brown University's President Barnaby C. Keeney derided campus conformity. Said he: "Some day I should like to go to an informal student party and find one or two people in light grey suits or even in brown suits." Find a person who "did not have a striped tie on," who wore a "variation on the chino (G.I.-type) trousers. Some day I should like to see a tidy dormitory room."



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MUSIC

Nature Boy at 90

Composer Jean Sibelius is a hero to all Finns, most Englishmen and many Americans. His music is heavy enough to sound profound—something like the work of a rural and obstinate Brahms. It seemed revolutionary in the 1900s, daring in the teens, peculiar in the '20s, old-fashioned in the '30s. Since then it has suffered a kind of honorable obsolescence. Sibelius' last major work was published in 1926, when he was 61. Most of today's critics, finding they have nothing new to say about the music, simply muse about those tough, craggy Sibelius characteristics that remind people of Finland.

This week Jean Sibelius is 90, and the anniversary is being observed in many cities of the world. Manhattan's Symphony of the Air gave an all-Sibelius concert under the direction of a Sibelius son-in-law, Jussi Jalas: London's Philharmonia and Royal Philharmonic both scheduled Sibelius evenings; even Tokyo's NHK (radio) Symphony is going all-Sibelius for one performance.

The composer himself takes all such honors calmly and gratefully, as he carries out the routine of the past half century in his big house, Ainola, in the woods 25 miles north of Helsinki. He stays in bed late to read the papers, which arrive as gifts from all over the world. On the rare occasions when he receives visitors in the afternoon, he joins them at coffee cakes, cognac and a cigar. During the day he reads heavily (mostly history), listens to concerts on his powerful radio,

and works. Nobody knows just what his music is like these years, but fans like to play guessing games about whether he has finished an eighth and possibly started a ninth symphony.

Deep lines show in Sibelius' weathered face, but they do not come from material cares. He was the son of an army surgeon, studied law to please his family, but soon turned to music. When he returned from his studies in Berlin and Vienna, he married the daughter of a general and a baroness, and at the age of 31 received a generous government pension which has kept them comfortable ever since.

Everyone who knows Sibelius agrees that he loves nature, and that is perhaps the clue to why he is so widely, almost automatically, accepted as one of the century's great composers. Whatever his shortcomings and dull stretches, his music does convey to cramped city audiences a sense of nature's bigness, of a peasant tenacity. Years ago Sibelius wrote in his diary: "A wonderful day, spring and life. The earth exhales a fragrance—mutes and fortissimi. An extraordinary light that reminds one of an August haze."

Engineer's Son

When Edgard Varèse (rhymes with fez) was a boy in Paris, the piano in his family's apartment was kept locked. His father, an engineer, did not want him to become a composer. Though Varèse went on to study music at some of the world's best schools and eventually made a name for himself as a fierce and formidable modernist composer, there are those who believe that his father's wish was fulfilled.

Contemporary musical composition, like other modern art forms, has shown two contradictory trends: it has sought to 1) come closer to reality than it ever has before; and 2) destroy reality or transmute it beyond recognition. In this sense, Composer Varèse is a typical 20th century artist. He goes about with a tape recorder, picking up very real sounds that may range from a factory whistle to an organ note to a kissing sound captured right at home. Then, by using electronic machinery that might have baffled his father, he takes the "raw" sounds, breaks them up into components, forms rhythmic patterns with them, amplifies and filters them till they bear no resemblance to their former selves. After such treatment, the kiss, for instance, sounds like three people in high heels kicking out a wicked beat.

Last week, at Manhattan's Town Hall Composer Varèse exhibited his latest composition, a piece for orchestra and tape recorder entitled *Deserts*. Onstage was a 20-man orchestra, five of whose members played percussion. Backstage, peering out under beetling brows, was Composer Varèse himself, one hand on the controls of an Ampex tape recorder, the other giving the beat to Conductor Jacques Monod on stage. Nobody could miss the fact: about to turn 70, Varèse is as unconcerned as a rebel as he was 35 years ago.



COMPOSER VARÈSE
A kiss is just a kick.

Faceless Roar. The composition started with chimes, but chimes whose tone got an added kickoff from a xylophone tick and was sustained by the high squeal of clarinets. For the next 21 minutes nothing else was so recognizable. Instrumental sounds tumbled about in wild confusion; there was never a concerted attack or a distinguishable pulse. The percussionists made sense only because many of their rat-a-tats and grumbings came out as minute variations on themes. The winds, on the other hand, were so overpowering, so agonizingly taut, that the listener felt lucky to find a recurring chord to hang on to.

Suddenly, Paris-born Conductor Monod, at 28 a standout interpreter of contemporary music, dropped his arms, and the orchestra stopped; but instead of silence, a frightful, apocalyptic roar came from one of the two loudspeaker units. At first it seemed to have no connection with the preceding part, but then it began to come clear through the clangorous fog: many of the rhythms were regurgitations of fore-going rhythms. Twice more the taped sounds interrupted the orchestra, each time became more drastic, until the effect was of actual terror, as machine-gun bursts alternated with animal wails, with the sounds of huge crowds of faceless people roaring. Eventually, a passage of simple dissonance sounded as sensual as Ravel.

Tumultuous Labors. "Why do I compose the way I do? Because it pleases me," says Varèse amiably, and will say no more. But there is evidence that Varèse writes that way as a protest. First there was his antimusical father to protest against, then (although his early work earned Debussy's admiration) an indifferent or hostile public. Again and again, his career ran into difficulties. Just as he was beginning to work on an opera with Librettist Hugo (Rosenkavalier) von Hofmannsthal,



COMPOSER SIBELIUS
The kudos is just for the clogs.



A Full Flavored Scotch



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World War I broke out—Varèse still takes it as something of a personal affront—and parted the Frenchman and the Austrian. After Varèse moved to New York, Stokowski premiered such cacophonous—but still nonelectronic—Varèse works as *Ame-riques* and *Arcana* with the Philadelphia Orchestra. At that time (the 1920s) one critic wrote that Varèse “thrusts up towers of steel and stone to scrape the clouds”; another found him “subterranean, cyclopean, as of blind tumultuous labors in the secret places of the earth.” (Varèse still thinks they both meant well.) Later observers found his discoveries of utmost importance to the growth of music, and compared him to Bauhaus architects.

More tolerant than some modernists, Varèse does not think his new music ought to replace the old (“After all, you don’t kill a horse because you ride a plane”). Nor is he too concerned with the fact that this music “won’t sell”—he enjoys it so much himself. “It is fascinating,” he says. “When I work, I promise my wife I will come to bed by 11:30. Pretty soon I think to myself, ‘My God, I’m getting senile; I cannot stand up any more.’ Then I look at my watch and it is 8:30 in the morning.”

Years ago, Varèse predicted that music “will develop with engineers and composers working together.” As he tinkers with his tapes, tubes and wires, he is obviously working happily with papa, the engineer.

New Records

With only a month to go before the crack of Mozart’s bicentennial year, record companies are splitting their grooves to get ready. Most of Mozart’s best has been recorded already, but recording directors (and critics) can always find enough flaws to justify new versions.

Don Giovanni, one of the finest, if one of the most unpleasantly peopled, of all operas, is now out in two new versions, on three Epic LPs (with George London, Walter Berry, Hilde Zadek and Sena Jurinac, and the Vienna Symphony, conducted by Rudolf Moralt) and on four London LPs (with Cesare Siepi, Fernando Corena, Suzanne Danco and Lisa Della Casa, and the Vienna Philharmonic, conducted by Josef Krips). Both casts are of first quality, but the Epic version develops a more consistent ardor, a greater urgency of the kind that might have frightened Prague opera lovers in 1787. Tone on the London set is a bit tubbier, its performance a hair more routine.

Angel has turned out a new *Coï Fan Tutte* (3 LPs) with an orchestra that sounds radiant, but with male singers (Rolando Panerai, Leopold Simoneau) who are spineless, even fearful, as they go about their sport. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Nan Merriman are more positive, but even they are no match for Herbert von Karajan’s incredibly flexible Philharmonia Orchestra. Another modest-scale Mozart opera is the *Abduction from the Seraglio* (Decca, 2 LPs), written when the composer was 26. It is rich in broad, almost Schubertian melody, e.g., Joseph Greindl’s robust first aria and



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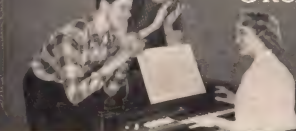
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Maria Stader's thrilling song of defiance. The RIAS Symphony Orchestra is not so well recorded as the Philharmonia, but talented Conductor Ferenc Fricsay whips it along at a stimulating rate.

To round out its imposing operatic catalogue, London has also released *The Marriage of Figaro* (4 LPs), with Hilde Gueden, Danco and Siepi, and the Vienna Philharmonic conducted by Erich Kleiber, and *The Magic Flute* (3 LPs), with Gueden, Wilma Lipp, Simoneau and Berry, conducted by Karl Böhm. Both are first-rate performances and, as a bonus, the albums contain the complete musical scores.

Other new records:

Bruckner: Quintet (Koecher Quartet; Decca). A mellow, untroubled piece in pastoral mood, the only chamber work that Symphonist Bruckner ever wrote.

Debussy: Blessed Damozel (Victoria de los Angeles, Carol Smith; Radcliffe Choral Society; Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Charles Munch; Victor). A piece that Debussy submitted, at 24, as part of his duties as a winner of the Prix de Rome. (Officials hesitated to accept it because of its "systematic" vagueness.) It is less vaporous than his more mature works, but its earthy enthusiasm is winning, especially in this crystalline performance.

Falla: Harpsichord Concerto (Sylvia Marlowe; Concert Arts Players; Capitol). An uncompromising concert work (1926) by the composer of the ballet *Three-Cornered Hat*. The style varies between a toccata motif of unceasing activity, and arpeggios opposed by ponderous chords. The small orchestra sounds smooth through the sometimes ripping dissonances; the harpsichord sounds like somebody jumping on the bedsprings.

Roy Harris: Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight (Nell Tangeman and chamber group; M-G-M). A deeply pulsing lament of heavy piano chords (played by Composer Harris' wife Johana) and elegiac counter-melodies played by the violin and cello. Mezzo-Soprano Tangeman sings the Vachel Lindsay words with power and feeling to produce some fine music.

Josef Hofmann Golden Jubilee Concert (Columbia). Six Chopin works and four other romantic numbers, played in 1937 by one of the few men (now 79) who could always make the piano exciting. Even after 50 years of concertizing in the U.S. (he began at eleven, in 1887), and through the crackling of a bad recording, his elegance, fleetness, playfulness, aptness are astonishing.

Honegger: A Christmas Cantata (Michel Roux; Lamoureux Orchestra, choirs and organ conducted by Paul Sacher; Epic). A pacing, brooding opening chorus wells up to a shrieking appeal to the Saviour. After that, the music carries on with more competence than excitement, but it does weave in several Christmas carols (sung in their original languages by children) to make a big, festive impression. A typical work by the first member of France's famed *Les Six* to die (see MILESTONES).

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An example of the power of a few words in print . . .

America Discovers the Family Doctor: Model 1955

PERHAPS you may not have known that the fine old family doctor of fifty years ago has a modern counterpart—and, chances are, the 1955 model is a far better doctor! Because doctors can't tell their patients about their qualifications, many Americans have never realized how well prepared today's general practitioner is to meet the medical needs of the whole family.

But in February of this year Reader's Digest ran an article, "Family Doctor: Model 1955," by Paul de Kruif, which described how American general practitioners have dedicated themselves to a great ideal of service.

Some 20,000 family doctors, as members of the American Academy of General Practice, spend at least 150 hours every three years in postgraduate medical study at school—thereby providing themselves with a means of keeping aware of medicine's progress, of making certain that they have the latest proven drugs and medical techniques.

The Digest article mentioned the fact that the names of Academy members could be secured by writing to the Executive Secretary, Mr. M. F. Cahal.





What happened then was described by Mr. Cahal in his annual report to the Academy:

"It was just a month ago that the Digest article appeared. By this week over 70,000 letters have been received, asking for lists of local Academy members.

"Fortunately, we had already leased additional office space and put on extra help to cope with the flood of correspondence." Recently Mr. Cahal wrote to the Digest: "Aside from the sheer impact of numbers, some other aspects of the extraordinary response are significant and revealing.

"One was the high intellectual quality of the letters. 95% were brief, intelligent, to the point. Among the writers were corporation presidents, educators, city managers, distinguished artists, and intelligent housewives. About 60% came from people who had recently moved and wished to know the names of competent family doctors in their new communities.

"Today, six months later, inquiries are still coming in at an average rate of 100 a day. Some of these stem from a late reading of the Digest article. Others are prompted by continuing references to it. The Digest article is still inducing action."

Excellent articles about the American Academy of General Practice had appeared previously—but with no such response as followed the Digest article.

What made *Digest* readers react so positively to the "Family Doctor"? Why did they turn so readily to a group they had just learned about through the Digest for guidance on so personal a subject as the selection of a family physician?

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THE PRESS

On to Birmingham

For the biggest price ever paid for a newspaper—\$18,642,000—Publisher S. I. (for Samuel Irving) Newhouse last week bought the Birmingham *News*, one of the South's leading dailies. The sum brought to \$33 million the amount spent in the last five years alone for newspapers by the small (5 ft. 3 in.), publicity-shy New Yorker. Like his last two buys, the Portland *Oregonian* and the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* (TIME, April 4), the purchase of the *News* put Newhouse into a new region of the U.S. It also put him right behind the Hearst and Scripps-Howard chains, with an empire of 13 newspapers



Associated Press

PUBLISHER NEWHOUSE

Five years gone, \$33 million spent.

(total circ. 3,576,320) worth an estimated \$70 million.

The *News* was sold by its five trustees, heirs of the late Publisher Victor Henry Hanson, who, over 36 years, built the *News* (daily circ. 180,115, Sunday circ. 219,804) into one of the most prosperous U.S. dailies. The deal was started more than a year ago by Newspaper Broker Allen Kander (whose commission was around \$500,000) and signed one afternoon in a Birmingham hotel room. Though self-made Publisher Newhouse prides himself on using his own money to buy newspapers, he admitted reluctantly that the whopping price had sent him to Manhattan's Chemical Corn Exchange Bank for a loan of "about \$10 million."

Risky. With the *News* he also got its subsidiaries: the Huntsville, Ala. *Times* (circ. 18,988), radio stations WAPI, WAFF and WHBS, TV station WART and a freight company. Last year the *News* and subsidiaries piled up \$3,000,000 in profits before taxes. A big reason for the fat profit is the fact that the *News*

holds a virtual monopoly in Birmingham. By 1950 it had grown so strong that it forced the Scripps-Howard Birmingham *Post*, now the *Post-Herald*, into a junior partnership. Though separately written, the *Post-Herald* is printed and distributed by the *News*.

Why did the paper's five trustees decide to sell? First, said Publisher Clarence Bloodworth Hanson, 47, nephew of the late publisher, because the tightly knit team of trustees had been weakened only the week before by the retirement of James E. ("Chap") Chappell, 70, as president and editor. "That made us think of when others might have to step out," explained Hanson. Moreover, he said, the offer came to \$8,804,70 for each share of *News* stock—an immense temptation when weighed against "so ephemeral and risky a business as the newspaper business can be."

What really clinched the decision was Newhouse's offer to keep the paper's top executives at their posts. Newhouse gave Publisher Hanson and General Manager Harry B. Bradley, 60, generous contracts to stay put until they are 65. He even gave a contract to Hanson's son Victor, 25, currently serving in the Air Force, assuring him the chance to enter the business and work toward a top managerial job.

Relief. Newhouse's delegation of local control is his fixed policy in running the country's most unconventional chain. "The ideal newspaper chain," he says, "is one in which there is no chaining whatsoever." He confines himself to major business decisions, e.g., how big an editorial budget ought to be. But he plans to exert no more influence over the *News*'s Democratic editorial views than he does over those of his Republican papers, such as the Harrisburg (Pa.) *News and Patriot*, the Syracuse (N.Y.) *Post-Standard*. It is only by sheer coincidence that both Newhouse and the *News* are Democratic supporters who switched to Ike in 1952.

Porridge? Never!

In time for Sir Winston Churchill's 81st birthday (see PEOPLE), London's *Daily Mail* (circ. 2,127,227) began running "Life Begins at 80," a series that promised intimate glimpses of Sir Winston in retirement. The series, written by a U.S. newsman, George W. Herald, was syndicated by United Features and had already run in U.S. papers, including the New York *World-Telegram and Sun*. But after a first installment that promised more "tomorrow," the *Daily Mail* abruptly dropped the series.

Last week Britain got the explanation from the weekly *Spectator*: "[Herald's reporting is] an impudent piece of fabrication." Then the *Spectator* (to which Sir Winston's son Randolph Churchill is a frequent contributor) rattled off an equally intimate but authoritative list of errors.

"Here are some examples of Mr. Herald's inventions: 'His valet, John, who

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accompanies him on all his trips, will invariably call him over the phone at 7 a.m. in summer-time and 8 in winter-time.' Sir Winston has no valet called John, and is never called over the telephone. 'Thereupon Churchill dons a scarlet dressing-gown . . . Sir Winston, like all sensible men, never wears a dressing-gown in bed. He has not lived to 80 without discovering that a dressing-gown gets wrinkled up in bed. In fact, he wears a bed-jacket.

"Sir Winston has a theory about breakfast . . . served by Edward, his personal cook, which consists of porridge.' Sir Winston has never had a personal cook named Edward or anything else, and never eats porridge at breakfast or any other time. 'After coffee Sir Winston lights one of his daily six to eight cigarettes. That's correct: cigarettes.' It is incorrect. Sir Winston has not smoked a cigarette for a quarter of a century.

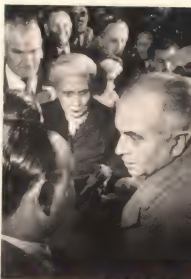
"Since last May the man who has done more for the world's cigar trade than any other living human being has given up Havanas for good.' As everyone except Mr. Herald knows, Sir Winston still smokes ten or twelve cigars a day. 'While Sir Winston looks through the morning papers, John (sic) prepares his first bath for him . . . From the bathroom Churchill goes right back to bed.' In fact, when Sir Winston has had his bath, he always gets dressed."

Herald's version had set *Daily Mail* printers ringing with complaints from readers who knew better, reportedly including Sir Winston himself—or so Author Herald said he had it from the *Daily Mail* editor. In Paris, where Newsman Herald lives, he admitted that he had not seen or talked with Sir Winston in putting together his story. But he dismissed the whole ruckus with a simple explanation: "Churchill obviously does not like it to be known that he is growing old."

The Return of La Prensa

For more than four years, Señora Zelmira Anchorena de Gainza Paz, now 81, has phoned Buenos Aires' *La Prensa* almost every week and demanded of the switchboard operator: "When are you going to give *La Prensa* back to the owners?" Last week, the switchboard girl answered: "Soon, Señora." Next day, by decree of President Aramburu, *La Prensa* was taken from the custody of the government, which had expropriated it, and returned to Owner Doña Zelmira and the Paz family. The paper's seizure by Perón, said the decree, was "one of the most implacable persecutions" of the dictatorship. Hours later Dr. Alberto Gainza Paz, 56, the paper's longtime editor and publisher, ended his exile in Manhattan and flew to Buenos Aires for a triumphant homecoming.

Waiting to greet him at Ezeiza Airport with his mother were hundreds of loyal ex-staffers, old friends and notables, even left-wing political adversaries. They were there to greet the man who had become one of the symbols of Perón's persecution



Cornell Capa—Mogum
SEÑORA ANCHORENA DE GAINZA PAZ & SON
A newspaper gained, a wallet lost.

since he had been arrested in 1951, escaped, and fled abroad. The crowd broke into cheers and tears as Gainza Paz and his wife stepped off the plane from New York. "It is with indescribable emotion that I return to my liberated country," said Gainza Paz in a choked voice. As his well-wishers nearly knocked him down, a squad of police linked arms with some of the welcomers in a weaving, living wall to move him and his party to shelter. "My God!" exclaimed Gainza Paz happily at the height of the crush (which somehow cost him a lost wallet). "This is worse than when Perón was in charge!"

During Gainza Paz's exile, the once-great newspaper founded by his grandfather in 1869 had shrunk from 40 pages to eight, from a circulation of 380,000 to 750,000, from a proud independent paper to a sordid Peronist puff sheet. Since the paper's seizure, loyal staffers had turned to such odd jobs as driving trucks, selling wine, refrigerators and auto parts. Fifteen had spent six months to two years in Perón's jails on charges of plotting revolutions. Many second- and third-generation *Prensa* employees would meet daily on streetcorners or at cafeterias to kindle hope and recall past glories when the paper was a daily encyclopedia of world news rivaled only by the *New York Times* and the *Times* of London.

Back in his enormous white suburban home, where a stream of callers brought huge baskets of flowers, Gainza Paz planned to take back all loyal employees and to revamp the paper in its old image, insofar as tight newsprint restrictions would permit. At week's end, Gainza Paz awaited an inventory of the plant and delivery of formal title before he would even set foot inside the building. He also refused to read *La Prensa*. Said he: "I won't read *La Prensa* until we're publishing it again."



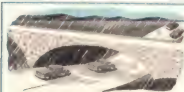
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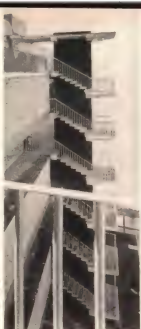
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A STAIRWAY IN RIO



AN APARTMENT HOUSE IN CARACAS



STAIRS IN MEXICO CITY

The Latin American Look

Since the war, one of the greatest building booms in history has changed the face of Latin America, and no letup is in sight. To house a population that is growing at double the world rate, the countries south of the border have built thousands of large-scale apartment projects, office buildings, stadiums, university halls and government buildings. In the major cities, new, skyscrapered skylines rise amidst one- and two-century-old slum clusters and rows of two-story stores. To portray a decade of tumultuous growth, Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art is currently displaying a photographic exhibit (assembled by Architecture Historian Henry-Russell Hitchcock) of 49 major building projects in ten Latin American countries and Puerto Rico. The display demonstrates that Latin American architects have not only developed a dramatic

ART

style of their own, but one ideally suited to their climate and way of life.

Common Style. Most modern Latin American architecture, whether along Mexico City's Paseo de la Reforma, Caracas' Avenida Bolívar or São Paulo's Avenida Anhangabau, has a distinctive look. Almost all Latin American architects use combinations of louvers, grills, projecting concrete slabs and movable screens to control the dazzling sunshine; they share a lavish liking for color, usually dramatically set off against sparkling white. There is a dearth of structural steel and timber, so the designers have almost universally turned to reinforced concrete. It is a building medium that can easily become clumsy and heavy, but the Latin Americans have seized on its highly plastic quality to fashion shell-like vaulting, hold

cantilevers, curving façades that give high sculptural qualities to their best buildings.

Many of the younger Latin American architects finish off their studies at U.S. universities, but so far, U.S. influence shows up chiefly in technical details like plumbing and elevators, in living-space layouts and the general addition to the skyscraper principle. Main inspiration for Latin America's new architectural forms is the international style pioneered by such men as France's Perret and Le Corbusier. A prime example: Brazil's beehive-fronted Ministry of Education and Public Health in Rio de Janeiro, the work of a team of architects including Le Corbusier and his brilliant Brazilian disciple, Oscar Niemeyer. Historian Hitchcock calls it "still perhaps the finest single modern structure in Latin America."

The Leaders. Brazil started early, and, thanks to booming São Paulo (TISE, Jan. 21, 1952), has the greatest number

NEW ACQUISITION: Boston's Wild-Man Tapestry

TALES of ferocious wild men of hairy mien and brute strength have been hearthside favorites from the days of Babylon's fallen King Nebuchadnezzar, who "was driven from men, and did eat grass as oxen . . . till his hairs were grown like eagles' feathers and his nails like birds' claws" (*Daniel 4:33*), down to the celluloid Tarzans of Hollywood. But at no time did the wild men populate the public imagination more densely than during the Middle Ages. Boston's Museum of Fine Arts put on view this week, as its latest acquisition, a 16-ft.-long Rhenish tapestry woven around 1400 (for one section, see *opposite*), one of the world's outstanding relics of the medieval mixture of man, beast and folklore.

Medieval romances often portray the wild man as a lunatic, and doubtless the dark forests of the Middle Ages harbored many an uncouth idiot or demented outcast. From the held-over repertory of paganism, gossips and talltales invested such men with legendary powers—ferocious temper, ability to rend lions barehanded or smash their skulls

with trees or mighty Neanderthal clubs, to ride the wild bucks and unicorns. Their likenesses appeared on the façades of churches, as decoration for manuscripts, and in tapestries. In literature and song, from the Arthurian legends to the ironic romances of Spain's Cervantes, the wild men were fixtures. Edmund Spenser in his *Fairie Queen* (1590) made Elizabethan eyes roll in describing how the wild man is taught to put his hand "upon the Lyon and the rugged Beare; and from the she Beare's teats he whelps to teare."

A tamer concept of the wild man inspired Boston's newly acquired tapestry. Emblazoned with the family arms of Bluelme (Alsace) and Zorn (Strasbourg), the tapestry unrolls a legend more bewitching than forbidding. The artist designer, in giving free rein to his fancy, incorporated a world of friendly animals, forest flowers, wild men bedecked with crowns of leaves, and, as an extra filip of delight, exotic blackamoors and a besieged castle of love. And the craftsmen who wove it worked well. Five and a half centuries later, it still keeps its freshness and true woodland colors.



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of distinguished buildings. But in recent years other countries have made giant strides. Historian Hitchcock labels Mexico's University City (TIME, Feb. 23, 1953) "the most spectacular extra-urban architectural entity of the North American continent." In about five years, the building boom has raised the height of typical buildings in Caracas, Venezuela from one to 20-odd stories. Such handsome buildings as the auditorium of Caracas' University City, with its high concrete vault filled with free-floating colored panels by U.S. Mobile Maker Alexander Calder, have put Venezuelan Architect Carlos Raúl Villanueva in the front rank of Latin American designers. Puerto Rico boasts a well-done hotel, the Caribe Hilton, and Henry Klumb's outstanding Catholic church near San Juan.

The boom has had its flaws—grandiose plans that take years to complete, antiquated methods, shoddy workmanship, poor maintenance. Though Latin America has so far produced some dozen architects of high reputation, none has as yet developed a style as effective as that of Niemeyer, now 48. But Latin America's "grand old men" of architecture are host in their 50s or younger, and a host of younger architects is coming up; the boom goes on and the future is bright.

Poor Treasure House

London's famed National Gallery calls its collection of paintings "perhaps the best balanced and most representative, if not the most extensive . . . in the world." To that proud boast it now adds a mournful confession: the gallery is so poor that it cannot even care properly for the treasures it has, let alone acquire more. In its first official report since the war, the National Gallery complained that inadequate maintenance is endangering some of the world's most marvelous paintings. Among them: Michelangelo's *Entombment*, Piero della Francesca's *Nativity*, Holbein's *Ambassadors*, Rubens' *Château de Steen*. In one room, the only humidity control is a teapot, kept boiling around the clock. As many as 60 paintings have been lined up at one time for the repair of cracking, flaking or rotting canvas. Said a gallery official sadly: "The damage goes into the millions."

What bothers the National Gallery almost as much is that it is expected to make new purchases on an annual government grant of only £10,500 (\$29,400), very little more than it got in the 1880s,* plus other income that rarely exceeds £10,000 a year. Faced with today's soaring prices for old masters, the National Gallery is priced out of the market. More and more British masterpieces are leaving the country. "The hope of saving what remains of our national heritage and providing for expansion," said the report, "... must remain largely dependent upon the accident of shock tactics in public appeals and supplementary votes [from Parliament] upon special occasions."

* Last year New York's Metropolitan Museum spent \$1,170,912 on new purchases.



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RELIGION

Excommunication in Erath

The tension had been rising for weeks. Among the Louisiana rice marshes and stands of sugar cane around the little (pop. 2,500) town of Erath, 125 miles west of New Orleans, groups of white folks gathered to pass along the latest rumors about the new pastor, Father Labbe was holding catechism classes without the usual row of empty chairs between 650 white and 75 Negro children. He was going to mix the kids all up, people whispered, by putting them in alphabetical order and having them confirmed by the bishop in that order. Father Labbe. It seemed, was out to integrate the church.

There were mass meetings among Erath's citizens, almost all of them parishioners of Our Lady of Lourdes Roman Catholic Church. A group went to complain to Bishop Jules Benjamin Jeanmard of Lafayette, La. Negro children were warned to stay away from catechism classes. Finally Father Labbe suspended the classes altogether.

One morning Mrs. Lula V. Ortemon, one of the catechism teachers, started out to church. Near the church door she found a group waiting. At least three women began pummeling her with their fists and chopping at her with their shoe heels. Mrs. Ortemon filed assault-and-battery charges against two of them.

Father Labbe found he was being followed everywhere he went, and asked a friend to accompany him as a bodyguard.

Back from a meeting of Roman Catholic bishops in Washington came Bishop Jeanmard and took drastic action. To Erath he dispatched a monsignor to read a letter of excommunication at all Sunday Masses of Our Lady of Lourdes. No individual was named, but those who had caused "a scandal to the church, a scandal to the community" by committing violence against Teacher Ortemon were denied the Sacraments, participation in the Church's prayers, and Christian burial—until they repented.

Last week the excommunication was lifted; those to whom it had applied, it was announced, had made reparation. The congregation received the bishop's hopeful blessing, and the catechism class was declared reopened. But Pastor Labbe, though disclaiming any plans for integration beyond the classroom, was not sure peace had really descended among the rice fields. Said he: "We shall have to wait and see what the future brings."

Antidisestablishmentarianism

Separation of church and state is mainly a New World notion. European countries from Lutheran Sweden to Roman Catholic Spain are accustomed to some kind of state-church fusion. The English call it Establishment and somehow manage to make its antique machinery function, despite such intermittent creakings and groanings as to make a non-Britisher think the whole contraption is about to



Religious News Service

BISHOP JEANMARD

For the good of church and community.

fall apart. Essence of the Establishment: the state protects the Church of England but also supervises its affairs; the monarch is head of the Church; bishops are appointed by the Crown on the recommendation of the Prime Minister. Currently the whole question of church-state relations is once again a hot debating issue in Britain.

The controversy began when the Princess decided not to marry the Group Captain (the church's stand against remarriage for divorced persons was a primary reason). Newspapers attacked the Archbishop of Canterbury: TIME TO RESIGN, headlined the *Sunday Express*. A RISING TIDE OF ANGER, echoed the *Daily Mirror*. Orators and public-house lawyers dusted off a fine old 28-letter spelling-bee standby which for some years had ranked as a public issue above vegetarianism but considerably below prevention of cruelty to animals. The word: antidisestablishmentarianism.

Baby Talk? Disestablishment of the Church of England might deprive it of some lands and many privileges (such as crowning Britain's monarchs), but it would also relieve it of indignity at the hands of Parliament. In 1927 and again in 1928, for instance, the House of Commons rejected a new *Book of Common Prayer* drawn up by the church.

From the pulpit of St. Paul's the Rev. George Arthur Lewis Lloyd, vicar of Chiswick and rural dean of Hammersmith, last month called for disestablishment. Was state protection of the church, he asked, "worth the high price that is paid for it—limitation of her spiritual freedom, denial of any choice in the appointment of her leaders, and insidious secularism which results from the constant attempt to impose upon the church the state's own low-

er standards of morals?" Prime Ministers of Britain presumably need not even be Christians, let alone Anglicans, since there are no formal religious qualifications for the post; in the last 40 years they have included "a Welsh Baptist, a Scottish Presbyterian, a Unitarian, and now a man who has defied the church by remarrying after divorce."*

Low churchmen, less sensitive about secularism, took a dim view of Vicar Lloyd's sermon. The *Church of England Newspaper* called it "baby talk." If the disestablishmentarians had their way, it warned, the position of evangelicals and liberals in the church would soon be "intolerable." Last week the Roman Catholic *Herald* surprised many a reader by siding with the low churchmen: "The tradition of Establishment has proved to be a powerful spiritual and moral factor in the country . . . Bound up with the Christian throne, the Church of England has . . . been a growing rather than a declining Christian influence . . . We find it hard to see how . . . God's truth . . . will better be served by a disestablishment which would make our society formally secularist."

Crisis in January? The debate went on in editorials, letters-to-the-editor, private speeches and public declarations. Perhaps the most significant words appeared last week in London's *Daily Telegraph* in an article defending Establishment by the Earl of Selborne, chairman of the potent Anglican House of Laity. "The solution that has been achieved in Scotland," he wrote, "is in many respects superior to that of England. Perhaps we shall come to it one day."

This was the closest yet to official admission that modification of the church-state relationship was overdue. Anglican churchmen have long gazed admiringly north, where the Presbyterian Church of Scotland enjoys a combination of state support and complete spiritual autonomy, but Anglican lay leadership has been less open to change. "If Lord Selborne is truly reflecting the views of the laity," said one prelate last week, "then there is no reason why some action should not be taken. But there must be a crisis to provoke it."

Anglicans may get their crisis next month. The Royal Commission on Marriage and Divorce, appointed by the Queen four years ago, will present its report, rumored to favor easing divorce laws (nine of the commission's 19 members are already on record for divorce by mutual agreement). If the Eden government puts this to a test, the church has no choice but to stand and fight.

Prayer of the Week

When we are wrong, make us easy to change.

When we are right, make us easy to live with.

—NATO Supreme Commander General Alfred M. Gruenther, urging Americans to be patient when dealing with their allies.

* Lloyd George, Ramsay MacDonald, Neville Chamberlain, Anthony Eden.



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Transporting yourself back in time, or behind an iron curtain, can make you achingly grateful to the founders of our nation, the fighters for our freedom who gave us the Constitution for our law, and the Bill of Rights for our liberty—a blessed way of life.

The written message is the one that lives. Tyrants talk of freedom, but the Bill of Rights, a written message, guarantees it. For talk, so very often, is empty and misleading.

But the written message, by its very concreteness, is an honest pact between the writer and the reader, to be weighed and considered with the fullest measure of concentration.

Whenever important ideas must be translated into action, men inevitably turn to the written word. For the written message is the one that lives and strikes home.

This Week, America's most widely read magazine, asks that you reappraise your own understanding of the power of the written message. You make no important move in your life without using the written and the printed message.

The leases you sign, the financial statements you issue, the agreements that guide your business, the bylaws you enact, the wills you have drawn.

These form the bases of your progress. Yes, the written message is the one that lives—not fifteen seconds or a minute—but far beyond the fleeting moment—even forever.

The printed page, rich in detail, exact in its message, continues to be the surest way to convey an idea. Therefore, This Week wishes to remind you of the basic wisdom of building your advertising campaigns around visual, printed media. In other words, if you want your message to work, and to *last*, put it in print *first*.

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This Week
MAGAZINE

BUSINESS

RETAIL TRADE

The Little King

(See Cover)

Through the swinging glass doors of Manhattan's "21" Club one night last week popped a roly-poly, melon-bald little man with the berry-bright eyes and beneficent smile of St. Nick touching down on a familiar rooftop. Louis Marx, America's toy king and café-society Santa, was arriving at his favorite workshop. With his beautiful blonde wife Idella—who looks the way sleigh bells sound—50-year-old Lou Marx toddled regally toward a table in the center of the downstairs room. The table is always reserved for Millionaire Marx by the divine right of toy kings—and the fact that he has never been known to let anyone else pay the check.

While most celebrities go to "21" to play, Lou Marx also goes to play. From the enlarged pockets of his \$300 suits flows a tantalizing trickle of toys for his friends, who seem to include the entire world, and number such cronies as baseballer Hank Greenberg (best man at his wedding), Comedian Edgar Bergen, Lieut. General Gene Tunney, and Netherlands Prince Bernhard. For them, there are walking penguins and tail-twirling Donald Ducks, statuettes of the Presidents and lightly clad miniature nymphs, tiny cars and pistol-shaped flashlights, lapel buttons urging "Sit Tight with Ike" or "I Like Lou."

While other toymakers spend millions of dollars each year to promote their wares, Toycoon Marx is his own walking ad agency; he spent only \$312 for advertising in 1955. He collects the famed and the publicized as though he were following the slogan on all his toy boxes: "One of the many Marx toys—have you all of

them?" Marx, who still has a few notable to go, scrupulously includes those he knows in his endless fund of anecdotes and puts their children's names on his Christmas list. Among the thousands of gifts going out this week from Marx's toy shop are a 20-in. convertible coupé and a remote-control walking puppy for President Eisenhower's grandchildren. Altogether, Marx is a real-life Santa to more than 100,000 children. To the children of cops and waiters and charwomen, boys and girls in orphanages and other institutions, he gives a million toys a year.

Synthetic Security. Marx considers toys one of the higher forms of human ingenuity, and thinks a lot of the world's problems can be solved through them. "Apart from being good business," he intones, "it's important to buy children a lot of toys. When you keep a child supplied with toys, it gives him security, like an Indian woman gives her child by carrying him on her back. Toys give children love and attention synthetically."

Lou Marx, whose toys spread synthetic love as well as old-fashioned fun from Hamburg to Hiroshima, can well afford his lavish standard of giving. This year he will gross more than \$50 million (and net \$5,000,000), produce some 10% of all toys sold in the U.S. Marx's output includes every type of plaything (except bicycles and dolls), from plastic baby bouncers to \$2.98 toy sports cars that can be assembled by a seven-year-old. More than 10% of the 5,000 items made by Marx are mechanical, e.g., a clockwork Bonny Braids, who ambles realistically across the floor, an electric bingo game, a xylophone-playing Mickey Mouse. His 1955 best-sellers include:

❑ A battery-powered robot (\$5.98) that clanks forward and backward, hurls a baby



EIGHT-FOOT MARIONETTE (\$300)



Idella Marx

ITALIAN TEDDY BEARS (\$24.95 EACH)



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Tommy Whelan

CHILD'S SUIT OF ARMOR (\$125)

robot to the ground, grunts in Morse code, flashes defiance from light-bulb eyes.

¶ A plastic-covered shooting arcade (\$4.98) with moving ducks for targets.

¶ A 7,500-piece kit (\$9.98) from which skilled children and patient parents can make a 2½-ft. clipper ship with bellying plastic sails. Assembly time: 100 hours.

Hot Dolls & Thunderbirds. This year, for the first time in history, more than \$1 billion worth of toys will be sold in the U.S. Few industries have soared so high so fast. Until 1914, inexpensive German toys reigned unchallenged in the U.S. When World War I pinched off European imports, U.S. makers, who had specialized in expensive dolls and ingenious metal playthings, whirled ahead with a legion of low-priced toys. American production methods proved more than a match for postwar foreign competition. Since 1919, when 644 domestic toymakers produced goods with a retail value of \$150 million, U.S. toydom has grown to include some 2,000 manufacturers.

Under U.S. Christmas trees this year there will be such high-priced items as a 5-ft., battery-powered Thunderbird (\$195) that whisks two children along at 5 m.p.h.; a monkey (\$250) that puffs cigarettes; a lion-sized lion (\$300) with a man-eating roar; a 9-ft. giraffe (\$250); an 8-ft. marionette (\$300) that hangs from the ceiling and shimmies like sister Kate. Lionel Corp., No. 2 toymaker (1955 sales: \$23 million), has a \$100 model of the crack *Congressional*, A. C. Gilbert (\$12.5 million sales) has a fork-lift truck and driver (\$12.95) that swines oil drums from loading platform to flatcar. There are Teddy bears in storm coats (\$24.95); a robot-driven bulldozer (\$60.8) that backs up when it hits an obstacle; a mamma whale (\$2.49) that swallows a baby whale; a remote-control Continental (\$6.98); a Playskool lockup garage (\$6); and aluminum armor for \$12.5.

Ideal Toy Corp. (\$20 million sales) has



MARX'S ERIE ASSEMBLY LINE

a "Magic Lips" doll (\$15) that purses its mouth for kissing, and a 13-in.-long rocket car that blasts off at 20 m.p.h.; Lynn Pressman has a "Fever" doll (\$5) that turns a sickly scarlet.

Ladder for Children. Toymaker Marx discovered early that children like to play with the things they see around them, and most of his toys are as realistic as he can make them, whether they are trains or cars, carpet sweepers, miniature stoves or boats. But he has little patience with psychologist-blessed "educational" toys that are sold not as playthings but as "combinations of coordination influences." Snorts Marx: "The ones who buy them are the spinster aunts and spinster uncles and hermetically sealed parents who wash their children 1,000 times a day."

There is an increasing demand, how-

ever, for build-it-yourself toys that develop a child's imagination and dexterity. Marx, for example, has a station wagon whose transparent-plastic V-8 engine comes in 64 colored parts for the child to assemble himself. To teach his own children about the human body, Marx this year imported from Japan life-size life-like male and female papier-mâché figures that can be taken apart, organ by organ. Next year Marx plans to make smaller versions (probable price: \$14.98).

Toydom's Ford. Even his competitors admit that Louis Marx is the Henry Ford of the toy industry. Like Ford, Marx has used mass production and mass distribution to turn out cheap toys, e.g., electric trains had seldom been sold for less than \$10 before Marx brought out a sturdy \$3.98 train in the early '30s. Today, some

BATTERY-OPERATED ROBOT (\$5.98)



Martha Holmes

LOCK-UP GARAGE (\$6)



Walter Doran

FRICTION CONVERTIBLE (\$2.98)



Martha Holmes

75% of Marx's toys sell for less than \$5.

In the highly competitive toy industry, where piracy is almost second nature, the race is to the swift, the daring and the shamelessly self-imitating. Marx is all three. "There is no such thing as a new toy," he says. "There are only old toys with new twists." With a new mechanical twist, last year's submarine becomes next year's rocket ship; a flop may be facelifted to stardom. After a 25¢ truck had saturated the market in the mid-'30s, Marx loaded it with plastic ice cubes (then a new product), called it an ice truck and had a new hit. With a new twist on an old friction motor, Marx three years ago was able to redesign an old firehouse so that it catapulted a hook and ladder through closed doors. He used the same motor last year for a helicopter that shoots a helicopter to the ceiling.

In 1928 Marx got the greatest idea in toydom's history. Rounding a corner in Los Angeles one day, he stopped to watch a Filipino whistle away at a circular block of wood, attach it to a string and then bounce the block up and down the string—as his fellow-countrymen had been doing for as long as anyone could remember. The Yo-Yo, transformed by Marx from a primitive, island plaything into a universal preoccupation, sold more than 100 million and is still going strong.

Since most toymakers "knock off" (i.e., copy) their competitors' products, new toys are as elaborately guarded—and as inevitably filched—as Detroit's new car designs. Doll manufacturers solemnly lead buyers to a vault and there show them a Betsy Wetsy or a Tiny Tears. At Manhattan's Toy Fair last March, one manufacturer chained his gun to a radiator so no one could make off with it. The Ideal Toy Corp. sequesters its 18 designers in a closely guarded room that can only be reached by a secret passageway.

Robot Knock-Off. The gentle art of toy piracy consists of changing a competitor's successful design just enough to evade paying royalties to its originator. "When they copy you, it's piracy," cracks Lou Marx, who pays no royalties in the U.S. "When you copy them, it's competition." When Marx "competes," he often cuts the price, but he always makes small improvements, e.g., when he "knocked-off" Ideal's bestselling mechanical robot, he put in a battery motor.

With the best idea in the world, a toymaker still takes a tremendous gamble. To put a new narrow-gauge train under Christmas trees two years from now, Marx will invest \$500,000 in dies and materials. Unlike most toymakers, Marx finances his operation out of capital, thus can push a toy into production faster than anyone in the industry.

Marx is out ahead in other ways. His production lines are among the smoothest and most fully automatic in the business. Marx constantly analyzes machine layouts to cut wasteful operations. "When we find a machine that will do a 30-second job in 25," he says, "we'll scrap the old one, even if it's new." Marx was one of the first U.S. toymakers to switch

to plastic. Though the first plastic toys broke too easily, he now makes most small toys of polyethylene, a durable material that can be turned out up to 64 times faster than metal. Unlike most toy manufacturers, who virtually close down for six months when the Christmas lights go off, Marx sells 90% of his output to the big chains, e.g., Woolworth and Walgreen's, which do a brisk year-round toy business, and Sears, Roebuck and J. C. Penney, which order in huge quantities early in the year. Thus he cuts costs, keeps his plants humming and most of his work force busy three shifts a day all year.

From Toys to Toynbee. When Marx goes off the day shift at 5:30 p.m., he switches from manual output to intellectual intake. In 1942, after his first wife died, Marx enrolled in a night course on Western civilization at the New School for Social Research. "I'd get to feeling morose," he explains, "and hit the bottle." He and Idella now attend five or six classes a week at the New School and New York University in such courses as "American Political Parties" and "Psychology of Religion." He finds that being a night-school student at N.Y.U. gives him a formidable fund of information with which to confound his friends, many of whom are experts in their own lines.

He is also quick to convert night-school theory into practical business use. Two department-store buyers who were moaning about discount-house competition in Marx's office one day were flabbergasted when the toymaker interrupted them: "It's like this guy Toynbee says. It's a question of challenge and response. These discount houses are the challenge that is going to make department stores into merchants again."

Brass, Beauty, Brains. In addition to collecting culture, Marx is frequently accused by competitors of "collecting" generals. Actually, he has known most of the brasshat friends since they were young officers. His love affair with the military started in the early '30s, when he was able to give a hard-to-get toy-train switch to the late Air Force General H. H. ("Happy") Arnold, who was then a major at Bolling Field. Arnold introduced Marx to General Walter Bedell Smith, now vice chairman of the American Machine & Foundry Co. board, who was then a captain. Said "Beedle" Smith recently: "If anyone had asked me then if I would trade my chance at making brigadier general for a quarter of a million dollars, I would have grabbed the money."

When Marx sent Beedle Smith some caviar, Smith, who had no taste for caviar, passed it on to his next-door neighbor at Fort Myer, Brigadier General Eisenhower. Later, Ike dropped in to thank Marx. The toymaker's other military friends include NATO's General Alfred Gruenther, Strategic Air Command General Curtis LeMay, General Omar Bradley, now a Bulova top executive, and General George Catlett Marshall. Even after they leaped into the headlines in wartime, Marx says, he was sure that the generals would be "forgotten like Bliss and Pershing," worried about the general's financial future. In 1946, when he formed a cosmetic company called Charmore, Marx decided to help out some of his military friends by selling them shares in the profitable company at a nominal price.

Political Coca-Cola. About the same time that the generals were returning from the war, Idella Ruth Blackadder, then 21 and an RKO starlet, came back from an overseas stint with a U.S.O. troupe and



MARXES & GENERALS get together in 1953 at Fort Myer, Va. In front: Jackie, Barbara and Patty Marx. Godfathers Eisenhower, Bedell Smith and Marshall

sit with Godsons Spencer Bedell, Emmett Dwight and Bradley Marshall. Standing: Idella, Godfathers Bradley, O'Donnell and Marx. Born since: Curtis Gruenther Marx.

TIME CLOCK

met Marx at a party the next day. Idella, who is Eclysiast Lili St. Cyr's half sister, married Marx. When Marx took Idella, who is two inches taller and 28 years younger, to meet General Gruenther on a European trip, Gruenther greeted Idella with: "What on earth did you marry him for?" Declared Marx: "I'm the one with the brains." Although some acquaintances had predicted that the marriage would not last two minutes, Lou and Idella are now the happy parents of four sons. Each son has two generals as godfathers. The "second shift," as Marx calls them (to distinguish Idella's offspring from the four children by his first wife), boasts a total of 35 sponsoring stars. The eldest boy, six-year-old Spencer Bedell (the only second-shift Marx with a nonmilitary first name) is a godchild of President Eisenhower and Bedell Smith. Ike volunteered again when Emmett Dwight, now five, came along; his other godfather is Rosie O'Donnell. The other sons: Bradley Marshall, 3, and Curtis (for Curtis LeMay) Gruenther, 1.

Marx says he has never received one good idea for a toy from the generals. But Marx was one of the many who kept telling Ike about his political future. "You're on pages one, two and three of every newspaper," Lou told Ike in 1946. "You're the political Coca-Cola." His proudest possessions: an oil painting of the West Point chapel—Ike's first picture—and a portrait of Marx in a frame inscribed "Dwight D. Eisenhower—American-Born."

The first- and second-shift Marxes occupy a rambling, white-pillared Georgian mansion on a 20-acre estate in suburban Scarsdale, just off the Hutchinson River Parkway. Marx bought the red brick house for his first wife during World War II, but before they could move in, Renee Freda Marx died of cancer. After that, says Rosie O'Donnell, "Lou was both father and mother" to his children: Barbara, now 26, wife of Artist-Writer Earl Hubbard; Louis Jr., 24, a Princeton graduate, now a Marine lieutenant; Jacqueline ("Jackie"), a pretty, dark-haired Vassar graduate who joins New Jersey Republican Senator Case's Washington staff next month; and Patricia ("Patty"), 17, a freshman at Stanford.

Says O'Donnell: "Lou did a wonderful job with the kids. I'd go to his place, and we'd be having breakfast and the six dogs would be running all over the place. And he'd be telling his daughter, right in the middle of it: 'White is the color of purity, so if you want to get married in white, be sure that you live morally. Otherwise, get married in Reno or something. Or don't wear white.'"

Bedtime Chillers. Roughhousing with the second shift, Lou Marx likes to pummel and chase them frantically up and down the three-story house, allows the boys to squirt water guns and smash toys to their hearts' content. (Idella feels the boys are working off their aggressive instincts.) Once a week the Marx brothers pile into their parents' 13-ft.-wide bed for the night. There they are treated to a bedtime-story session in which Marx spins chiller-dillers about such bad guys as a

LABOR SHORTAGE is pinching industry. Business is so good that the Labor Department lists only 19 labor surplus areas (e.g., Philadelphia, Fall River, Mass.) around the U.S., the lowest number since 1953. In Chicago, Los Angeles and half a dozen other cities, good jobs in such industries as shipbuilding, aircraft and farm machinery are going begging.

STOCK-SPLITTING WAVE is rocking higher. Montgomery Ward proposes a 2-for-1 of its 6,502,378 shares (now selling around \$100), will also boost its quarterly dividend from 75¢ to \$1 on present shares, and hand out a year-end extra of \$1.25. Other splits last week: Federated Department Stores (Boston's Filene's, Manhattan's Bloomingdale's, etc.), which will split 3,598,067 common shares 2-for-1; Phillips-Jones Corp. (shirts, men's wear), which wants to split 263,805 shares 3-for-1.

THEATER BUSINESS is good. For the first six months of the 1955-56 season, Broadway theaters have grossed \$15.2 million, 16% better than the previous peak, in 1954-55.

JET TRANSPORT RACE between Boeing and Douglas is getting hotter. Braniff Airways has given Boeing a boost with a \$30 million order for five 707s packing Pratt & Whitney J75 engines (v. smaller J57s on earlier 707s), will use them on both overseas and domestic runs. Sales score to date: 69 of Douglas' DC-8s, 60 of Boeing's 707s, including an option for five from Belgium's Sabena Airlines.

WESTINGHOUSE STRIKE, already in its eighth week, will probably be a fight to the finish. Negotiations between Westinghouse and electronics workers are still snarled, and 40 of 98 plants are shut down. Westinghouse is clearing the decks by chopping executive salaries 40% to 50%, cutting purchases and research

to the bone; company will also lay off large numbers of white-collar and nonstriking workers.

MACHINE-TOOL PRODUCTION will be stepped up under a new Air Force program. Instead of buying tools for stockpiling, the Air Force will buy \$52.9 million worth of tools for immediate installation to replace obsolete equipment.

COLOR TV SALES, currently lagging because of high prices, will get a boost from a new CBS trade-in plan. To promote its big-screen—and high-priced (\$895)—color set, CBS will credit buyers with the full purchase price of their old black and white receiver.

FLOYD ODLUM'S ATLAS Corp., already one of the biggest uranium miners, is growing still bigger. For \$7,250,000 Atlas bought more than 50% of the Almar uranium mine through purchase of Almar Minerals Inc., which owns about 15,000 acres with at least 600,000 tons of ore in the Big Indian area of Utah. Total Atlas uranium investment: \$37 million.

ALUMINUM EXPANSION will put Henry J. Kaiser in second place in the industry, bumping Reynolds back to third spot. Kaiser will spend \$280 million on two new plants, one at Ravenswood, W. Va., and another at Gramercy, La., boost capacity 50% to 654,000 tons annually, right behind No. 1 producer Alcoa.

GUIDED MISSILES will soon become one of Denver's biggest industries. Baltimore's Glenn L. Martin Co., at work on a 5,000-mile ICBM (intercontinental ballistic missile), will move its entire missile division to Denver, put up a \$5 million plant by 1957. In addition, Los Angeles' Ramo-Wooldridge Corp., which makes the electronic brains to guide the missiles, will also move in, build another \$5 million plant.

deformed villain who sautés children's eyeballs for supper. The "mean-man stories," as the children call them, are intended, says Marx, to "immunize them against fear." Like the first shift before them, the boys are also being treated to Idella's digests of the classics, bedtime concerts of Brahms, Beethoven, etc. piped into their rooms, French lessons and word-building.

Led by Lou and Idella, the family swoops down periodically on a new branch of learning, e.g., for months they smooth visitors with I.Q. vocabulary and personality tests. Although Marx is an agnostic, both shifts belong to the Episcopal Church. Marx stays at home when the family attends services, but ships argosies of toys to the annual bazaar of Scarsdale's Church of St. James the Less.

Marx, a fresh-air fiend as well as culture fan, likes to bask in the sun on winter days at the bottom of his swimming pool, which is drained in September. There he sits puffing six-inch cigars (Jack & Char-

lie's "21" Selection), dictating letters to his Audiograph or reading a dictionary and marking the words and phrases he wants to transfer to his vocabulary. These are later typed by a secretary in a series of black books that Marx carries everywhere, studies in idle moments. For an hour, three or four times a week, he dons sneakers, a grey sweat suit and a Mother Hubbard bonnet that ties under his chin. With a black book in hand, he trots briskly around his driveway or the roof of his office building on lower Fifth Avenue as he memorizes new words. "After a stiff workout," says a friend, "Lou's breath comes in polysyllables."

Marx has puffed his way through Webster in twelve years. Now, on the second time around, his favorite expression is *Dum Vivimus, Vivamus*, which can be freely translated as "Live It Up." He found the exhortation so appealing that he had it embroidered on a batch of silk neckties that he gives away. His newest

favorite word is "charismatic," a theological adjective pertaining to one who has a divine endowment to carry on the work to which he was called. Understandably, Marx caused a sensation when he applied the word to Ike at a White House dinner before Ike's heart attack.

Perhaps one reason Marx is so anxious to expand his English vocabulary is that he spoke only German until the age of six. He was born (Aug. 11, 1896) in Brooklyn, where his Berlin-born parents, Jacob and Clara Lou, owned a small drygoods store and left most of the job of raising young Louis to a German maid. By the time Louis reached P.S. 11, he was known derisively as "The Dutchman." Marx still speaks with a guttural rasp and nurses a distrust for German. On annual toy trips to Germany, Marx hires an interpreter, although, as he admits, "I understand like mad."

How to Make \$5,000. As a boy Marx excelled at baseball, basketball, ice-skating and shoplifting. "Everyone stole," he recalls complacently. "You weren't anyone if you couldn't steal." When he was nine, Lou proved he was someone by recruiting an accomplice and going to Brooklyn's Abraham & Straus department store. There they picked out a canoe, hefted it over their heads and walked out through the delivery exit unchallenged. The rest of that summer Louis and friends spent boating on Prospect Park Lake nearby.

The Marx parents shifted their little store from neighborhood to neighborhood with scant success, and there were few luxuries for Louis, his elder sister Rose and younger brother Dave. "But I don't remember feeling my life was tough," says Louis. "People in Brooklyn were warm and understanding, and I learned a lot about democracy. The class struggle? Someone sold that idea. We never felt it."

Lou studied hard to get ahead. He graduated from elementary school at twelve and finished Fort Hamilton High in three years. At nights he pored over books "on how to become a \$5,000-a-year man." After a short-lived job with a druggists' syndicate, Marx stumbled "by sheer happenstance" into an office-boy's job with Ferdinand Strauss, whose Zippo the Climbing Monkey and Alabama Coon Jigger (a clockwork minstrel) were the first mechanical toys mass-manufactured in the U.S. Within four years, Marx had been promoted to manage the company's East Rutherford, N.J. plant, and soon afterward he had his first idea for a toy. One of Strauss's products was a toy horn that bleated "Mamma, Papa." Marx amplified the sound effects, redesigned the horn to resemble a carnation and brought it out as a paper lappel flower that doubled as a noisemaker at parties.

Zippo Climbs Back. The horn sold well, and Marx was made a Strauss director. One day the directors discussed whether the company should continue to manufacture and sell in its four retail stores in New York or give up selling. Marx alone urged Strauss to get out of the retail field. Instead of getting rid of the stores, Strauss got rid of Marx.



TOYMAKER MARX IN TRAINING
"It's like this guy Toy-nbee says."

In his next job, as salesman for a Vermont wood-products company, Marx redesigned a line of wooden toys, and sales soared from 15,000 to 1,500,000 in two years. At the same time, Louis and brother Dave set themselves up as middlemen. Their specialty was to figure out how to cut costs on a toy. Then they would land an order, farm out the manufacturing and pocket the profit. Before he was 21, Lou Marx had served a hitch in the Army, risen from private to sergeant, and, back in civilian clothes, realized his ambition of making \$5,000 a year.

In 1921 brothers Louis and Dave started in to make toys themselves. They bought the dies for Zippo and the Coon Jigger after Strauss had gone bankrupt. The monkey and the minstrel had been on the market for more than 20 years, but Marx gave them bright new colors, brought out bigger models, and sold 8,000,000 of each. By the time he was 26, Marx was a millionaire and convinced that, in the toy industry, there is nothing new under the sun. To prove his point, he brought Zippo back this year, redesigned, rechristened (Jocko) and repriced.

Hard-driving Louis and easygoing brother Dave (known to friends as "Mako" and "Spendo") now have six U.S. factories, wholly owned British and Canadian subsidiaries, and toy-manufacturing interests in Germany, France, Mexico, South Africa, Japan, Australia, and Brazil. Peak U.S. employment: 8,000.

This year, while U.S. toymakers clamored for higher tariffs to keep out Japanese imports (current share of U.S. toy sales: about 6%), Marx provided Tokyo toymakers with the cash and know-how to turn out toys that he contracted to sell

in the U.S. as well as in foreign markets such as South Africa. This Christmas Japanese toys make up 5% of the Marx line and include many items, e.g., a \$2.98 remote-control model auto that Japanese toymakers can turn out with 10¢-an-hour labor for less than half as much as it would cost to produce in the U.S. Marx bargained so closely with the crafty Japanese toymakers that Tokyo newspaper accused him of trying to ruin the industry. Marx was unabashed. "When in Rome," he shrugged, "shoot Roman candles."

As Christmas anticipation began to spread across the U.S. last week, Toy King Marx was busy wrapping up ideas for the presents that Santa Claus will be bringing two and three years from now. For Lou Marx, Christmas doesn't come just once a year, or even on Dec. 25. "When you come out with a real great hit," he says, "that's Christmas."

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

¶ William C. Whitehead, 61, moved up from executive vice president to president of fast-growing, widely diversified Garrett Corp., of Los Angeles, which does a \$100 million-a-year business manufacturing aircraft and industrial equipment. Utah-born Whitehead, a World War I Navy pilot, ran his own flying service in Cleveland, then worked briefly for an aircraft-parts distributor before joining the infant Garrett organization's industrial-tools division in 1938. Four years later he was named manager of Garrett's Airsupply Co., in 1952 became the Garrett Corp.'s executive vice president. He replaces Founder John Clifford Garrett, who moves up to board chairman.

¶ Ross Rizeley, 63, was reappointed to a second one-year term as chairman of CAB. A onetime small-town Oklahoma lawyer, Republican Congressman and Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, CAB Chief Rizeley has done a notable job cleaning up CAB's backlog of cases. He has also worked to liberalize the regulations governing irregular air carriers to enable them to better compete with established airlines. President Eisenhower also reappointed Democrat Joseph Adams, another champion of competition, as CAB vice chairman.

AUTOS

Attack on G.M.

From a publicity standpoint, Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney's four-week investigation of General Motors was turning out to be a dismal flop. Finally, last week, Joe O'Mahoney landed his antitrust hearings on Page One. To a packed Senate hearing room he brought 14 G.M. dealers (out of 17,000) who charged that they had been badly used by G.M. Among their complaints:

¶ J. Ed Travis Jr., a St. Charles, Mo. Buick, Pontiac and G.M.C. truck dealer, said that three years after he was awarded a silver tray for sales achievements, all three of his franchises were suddenly

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canceled. He was told that he was "a lousy dealer," he testified, because he would not pressure his neighbors into 46-month finance deals to buy "something they feel they cannot afford."

¶ Two Chevrolet dealers, Sumpter Priddy Jr. of Waverly, Va. and M. L. Ward of Albany, Ga., testified that in the race for the No. 1 spot with Ford, G.M. pressured them to register as sold all cars still on the showroom floor and en route from the factory.

¶ Buick-Chevrolet-Pontiac Dealer Lee Anderson of Lake Orion, Mich. said that G.M. canceled his franchise after he criticized, in a Rotary Club speech, the industry-wide practice of selling cars at cut-rate prices to company employees, thus undercutting local dealers. With \$125,000 invested in his showroom and repair shop, Anderson appealed to the G.M. Dealer Relations Board, but said



PONTIAC DEALER YAGER

Associated Press
Profits, yes, but the fun was gone.

G.M. President Harlow Curtice told him "You are a Red."

¶ Pontiac Dealer M. H. Yager of Albany, N.Y. testified that G.M.'s "dogma of ever-tyrannical production is resulting in maldistribution, forced distribution and rampant bootlegging and both unreasonable and dangerous credit practices. All the ethics, dignity and fun have gone out of the automobile business."

After three days of such charges, Curtice and Board Chairman Alfred P. Sloan Jr. appeared before the committee. "I should like to point out," said Curtice dryly, "that during the postwar period G.M. dealers have had profits before taxes of over \$5 billion after deducting over \$1 billion of owners' salaries and bonuses. Their investment has grown from \$240 million in 1940 to over \$2.2 billion today, largely from reinvested earnings." This week Curtice would have a chance to deliver his rebuttal in more detail.



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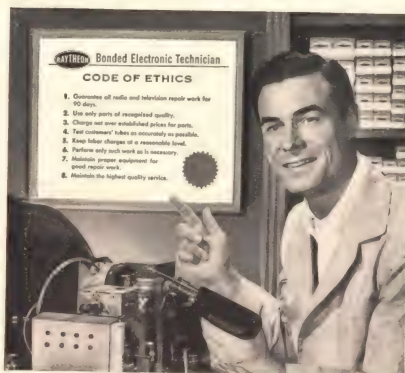
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MILESTONES

Married. Anatole Litvak, 53, Russian-born cinema director (*The Snake Pit*, *Sorry, Wrong Number*); and Sophie Bourdein, 32, French model; both for the second time (his first: Actress Miriam Hopkins); in Las Vegas, Nev.

Divorced. By Linda Darnell, 33, brunette cinemactress (*Forever Amber*, *Seond Chance*); Philip Liebmann, 41, president of Liebmann Breweries, Inc. (Rheingold); after 21 months of marriage in Juarez, Mexico.

Died. Carter Glass Jr., 62, copublisher and general manager of the Lynchburg *News and the Lynchburg Advance*, son of Virginia's late Senator Carter Glass; of brain hemorrhage; in Lynchburg, Va.

Died. Charles Edward ("Cow Cow" Davenport, 63, self-taught Negro composer of more than 100 songs (*I'll Be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal You*, *Mama Don't Allow No Easy Rider Here*), onetime piano accompanist for the late Bessie Smith; of a heart attack in Cleveland.

Died. Arthur Honegger, 63, topflight modern composer (*Pacific 231*, *Joan of Arc at the Stake*); of a heart attack in Paris. Of the modern composer's plight, he said: "Music is dying, not from anemia but from plethora. There is too much [talented] production and too little demand."

Died. Major General (ret.) Carl R. Gray, 66, onetime (1947-53) Veterans Administration chief, commander of allied railways in the European theater in World War II, vice president of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway (1946-48); of a circulatory ailment; in St. Paul, Minn.

Died. Glenn Luther Martin, 60, barnstorming flyer and pioneer aircraft builder who made the first plane specifically designed for mail service; first U.S. bomber with an alloy steel fuselage, later built the China Clipper; founder of the Glenn L. Martin Co., early seaplane developer; after two years of illness; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Baltimore.

Died. Hallett Abend, 71, longtime (1927-41) chief New York Times correspondent in China; author (*Ramparts of the Pacific*, *Japan Unmasked*); of a heart attack; in Sonora, Calif.

Died. Emma Jung, 73, wife of pioneer Psychiatrist Carl Gustav Jung (*TIME*, Feb. 14), and onetime vice president of the C. G. Jung Institute in Zurich; of a heart attack; in Küsnacht, Switzerland.

Died. Mabel Wellington White Stimson, 89, widow of Henry L. Stimson, four-time Cabinet member under Presidents Taft (1911-13), Hoover (1929-33), Roosevelt and Truman (1940-45); in Huntington, N.Y.



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CINEMA

Newsreel

¶ Producer-Director John Huston announced plans to film Jean Anouilh's *The Lark*, using a new English translation of the original script rather than the adaptation by Christopher Fry which played in England or Lillian Hellman's adaptation now playing on Broadway. Huston picked French Star Suzanne Flon (*Moulin Rouge*) for the Joan of Arc role, now played on Broadway by Julie Harris (see PEOPLE).

¶ Analyzing television's threat to the movies, the *Hollywood Reporter* offered one more proof that no audience will pay to see on the screen what it can see free at home: despite a high-powered publicity campaign, said the *Reporter*, *Liberace's Sincerely Yours* has proved to be one of the year's biggest box-office flops.

¶ With the Hollywood premiere becoming gaudier every year, Los Angeles Columnist Kendis Rochlen handed out some tongue-in-cheek tips to premiere-goers. Two important rules: never show up on time ("Gauge your timing according to your prestige; no self-respecting big star would dream of showing up by 8:30"), and provide "double insurance" ("By accidentally dropping a glove or handkerchief and starting to lean over to pick it up, a star can often put her best features forward for the photographers").

The New Pictures

Samurai (Hemel: Fine Arts Films) rivets the eye with its swift alternations of animal ferocity and morning calm. Like the prizewinning *Gate of Hell* (TIME, Dec. 13), this new Japanese film begins with a disordered 17th century battle piece: a flood of lance-waving horsemen surge across a meadow; agile warriors skip and piroquette in a whirling of two-handed blades; the defeated topple, with blood bursting between their clenched teeth. The struggle ends in far-off shouting as mists steal down from the mountains to draw a pale blanket over the slain.

Two wounded survivors, using each other as crutches, hobble away from the stricken field to find sanctuary in an isolated farmhouse, where a mother and daughter dress their wounds. One of the men, Rentaro Mikuni, longs to go back home to the girl he left behind, but he is weak-willed, and the women use him for their own purpose. The other, Toshiro Mifune, is a bull-necked, snarling ruffian who dreams of avenging the lost battle by becoming a great samurai. He soon has a chance when a rabble of bandits raid the farm. Toshiro kills the bandit chief and routs his men, then becomes a beast of the hills. He sweeps back into his native village, scattering the militia like a cat in a hen roost.

Samurai now propounds its moral: that a headstrong man is of no use to his nation unless he is tamed by virtue. While regiments of armed men scour the hills for Toshiro, a deceptively jolly priest



TOSHIRO MIFUNE & KAORU YACHIGUSA
War lames, virtue tomes.

(Kureemon Onoe) and a frightened girl (Kaoru Yachigusa) ensnare him with kindness. Brought home, Toshiro is trusted up like a maniac and suspended from a tall tree. Each morning and evening the priest inquires if his spirit is broken, and Toshiro answers with howling curses. The girl frees the prisoner, but the wily priest traps Toshiro again, this time locks him in a tower to learn docility in solitary confinement and wisdom from the ancient books of Japan. Freed after many years, Toshiro must abandon the girl and dedicate himself to the long task of uniting his fragmented country.

Director Hiroshi Inagaki uses color film with as much facility as if he had invented it, and sometimes, in following one of Toshiro's berserk rages, the camera appears to circle warily as though a close approach would invite its own destruction. The girl, Kaoru Yachigusa, splendidly suggests the tempered steel that lies beneath the mannered poise of a Japanese maiden, and Toshiro packs his role with all the deadly menace of a human gear made with the pin of reason removed.

Three Stripes in the Sun (Columbia) is an earnest, strong-minded little picture that advises the U.S. Army not only to love its enemies but to marry them. The story material has a wisp of truth in it: Hugh O'Reilly, a sergeant with the U.S. occupation forces in Japan, really did raise \$180,000 in contributions to rehouse a Roman Catholic orphanage in Japan and in the process fell out of hate with Nippon and in love with one of its



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daughters, whom he married. However, the truth is warped with fiction that develops about as much originality as an Army menu, and with the aboriginal behavior of Aldo Ray, an aggressively virile actor who sounds as if even his vocal cords need a shave. Moviegoers, who never seem to tire of hearing that sergeants are human, may have their doubts about this one.

Umberto D. (produced by Rizzoli-De Sica-Amato; released by Ed Harrison) may well be the last fierce rose of that high creative summer (1945-51) in which the Italian cinema came to full bloom. It has a hard perfection, but its odor of unremitting truth is not inviting to the moviegoing millions. Partly for this reason, and partly because it makes some mild social criticism, the picture was little shown in Italy and hardly at all outside that country for more than three



CASILIO & BATTISTI
Condemned to life.

years after it was made. Last week, thanks to an enterprising distributor named Ed Harrison, *Umberto D.* was on view in Manhattan, and was scheduled to play in six major U.S. cities.

The film is a cruel little elegy in the skeptic mood of T. S. Eliot's *Gerontion*. The central figure is an old man (Carlo Battisti) who wants nothing but a quiet corner to die in. His landlady (Lina Genari) is determined to kick him out of it and get a better rent. To cut expenses, he eats at a civic kitchen—bitter bread, washed down with insults. Back home he finds a transient couple in his bed, and has to wait in the kitchen. The cook (Maria Pia Casilio), a simple young thing from the country, confesses to him that she is pregnant and does not know who the father is. The old man is shocked and feels sympathy, but he has too many problems of his own to worry about hers.

He fakes a serious illness and is admitted to a charity ward. After a day or two he gets lonesome for his little dog

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CHANEL

Personal Publisher

Varicose Veins, McCarthy and His Enemies and Patristic Homilies on the Gospels have one thing in common: they are published by Henry Regnery Co., a young Chicago publishing house that operates in the old tradition of the personal publisher. Regnery's personal publisher is its 43-year-old president, Henry Regnery, a slight, intense man, whose interests and whims in religion, philosophy, education, poetry and politics have produced a varied, provocative, often infuriating and rarely dull catalogue of Regnery books.

Henry Regnery has published a spate of works by such right-wing authors as William F. Buckley Jr., Chesly Manly, Louis Budenz, William Henry Chamberlain and Freda Utley. He seems to act as a magnet for those who hate Roosevelt, champion Joe McCarthy, attack unlimited academic freedom and take a dim view of the U.N. On the whole, he finds himself aligned with his authors' opinions, but he rarely hobbles with right-wing VIPs. He sees himself as the champion of outcast authors, charges other publishers with deliberately ignoring books that express a far-right point of view. "It wouldn't be any service for me to publish the liberal authors," he says. "They have plenty of publishers who are only too happy to have them."

Sweaters & Philosophy. It was his concern about the lack of a sounding board for many "worthwhile ideas" that brought him into publishing. His father, the Wisconsin-born son of an Alsatian immigrant, built up a fortune in textiles and banking in Chicago, helped found and support the isolationist America First Committee. Young Henry studied at M.I.T., the University of Bonn and Harvard graduate school in preparation for a career in the family textile business. Later, he founded a successful sweater factory, and married the daughter of Philadelphia Banker Alfred Scattergood, a well-known Quaker.

Henry had developed into something of an egghead while at school, and his chief interests were the German and Communist problems. At war's end he was approached by friends who could not find a publisher for a book criticizing Henry Morgenthau's plan to reduce Germany to a pastoral state. Henry forgot about textiles and banks. Eight years ago he formed his publishing firm. Millionaire Regnery likes to say that it cost him \$100,000 to learn the publishing business but today the company is in the black.

Regnery's catalogue is weak on sex and popular novels, includes textbooks, classics reprints, and such unexpected offerings as *The Natural History of a Yard* and *How to Free Yourself from Nervous Tension*. Regnery risks his money on such deserving but esoteric authors as England's Wyndham Lewis and Swiss Philosopher Max Picard. A fat list of steadily selling Roman Catholic books helps him take losses on less popular works.



Arthur Shaw

PUBLISHER REGNERY

Controversy is the beginning of success.

Ehrenburg & Franco. When *Lawrence of Arabia*, Richard Aldington's deflation of the legendary T.E. Lawrence, raised a storm in Britain, Regnery latched onto the book for publication in the U.S. Russell Kirk (*The Conservative Mind, Academic Freedom*) is one of his proudest discoveries. One of the stranger Regnery books was Soviet Novelist Ilya Ehrenburg's *The Thaw* (TIME, Oct. 10), which anti-Communist Regnery published as an example of the workings of the Soviet mind.

This week Publisher Regnery announced that he will publish another book that is sure to be as controversial as



Brinn Seod

NOVELIST GODDEN

Wanting is the beginning of getting.

any to date: the memoirs of General Franco, which will give the dictator's view of the Spanish Civil War. "I came to the conclusion that Franco was entitled to a book," says Regnery. "No one else had suggested it. I'm afraid other publishers were afraid they would be called Fascists." Regnery, who is used to being called worse, approached Franco through officials, persuaded him to do the book. U.S. publication date: 1957. Regnery has a chance to meet Franco, but he passed up in typical fashion. Said he: "I'm not at all interested in Franco."

A Garden of Her Own

AN EPISODE OF SPARROWS (247 pp.)—Rumer Godden—Viking (\$3.50).

Catford Street, London, is not Tobacco Road or Cannery Row, but Slum Alley, universal home of the urban poor. Its children are grimy urchins, and the work scuffs them underfoot like dirty snow. But a Catford Street child may still skip to a dream of beauty between the slabs of concrete. This is the story of Lovejoy Mason, a ten-year-old asphalt sparrow and her dream. A co-selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club for December, *An Episode of Sparrows* may well prove the book of the year for those who are not ashamed to weep over the printed page. Far from the Indian scenes on which she founded her literary fame (*Black Narcissus, The River*), Author Godden now tries her deft writing hand at landscaping a child's heart, letting the landscape fall where they may.

"Wanting is the beginning of getting," a grownup tells Lovejoy. "Then why don't people get things?" the girl asks. "Because they don't want hard enough," answers the grownup. What Lovejoy wants more than anything in the world is a garden of her own, as rare in Catford Street as a tree in Brooklyn. By hook and by crook she starts one, but a gang of the neighborhood's teen-age toughs stomps it out. The leader of the gang, a rough-hewn Irish Tom Sawyer by the name of Tip Malone makes his private peace with Lovejoy and pretty soon she is his Becky Thatcher. The children start a new garden by carting away 13 buckets of earth from the old limits garden of the tofia who live on the nearby square. All goes well until the night the tofia's gardener blows the whistle on the little sparrows. The ending is guaranteed to move any adult who ever clutched his hopes for a gentler, sweeter world as fiercely as he once held his Teddy bear.

Mademoiselle Butterfly

THE HONORABLE PICNIC (319 pp.)—Thomas Rautat—Viking (\$3.50).

This famously funny novel, out of print for the last dozen years, is the work of one Roger Poidatz, who as a young French cartographer in 1922 ended a two-year mission with the Japanese government and crammed his impressions of the country and the culture into his one and only book. Poidatz took his pen name Thomas Rautat from the Japanese *tomarô ka*,



John T. Amber, Esq., "Swordsmen" from a series of 19th Century Italian drawings. One owned by Charles II, King of Spain, this pistol is one of the many prized firearms of the Amber Collection.

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meaning "Will you stay the night here?" which when asked by a hotelkeeper takes on a double meaning. Though it has hints of a French boudoir farce scored for samisen, the novel's double meanings are mainly of another sort—that of a Westerner looking at the Japanese looking at themselves.

The hero is a Swiss League of Nations observer bent on having one long extramarital fling. The nameless heroine is a petite Japanese Mademoiselle Butterfly, who he hopes will prove a piece-de-non-resistance. But a series of Japanese throw themselves in his way, not to save her virtue, but his dignity, and above all Japan's face. There is a hotel proprietress who uncomprehendingly caids him in the bath ("Honorable tepid bath . . . could not have been more than 113°"). There is a geisha who saves the hotel's honor by sacrificing her own ("I whispered only these words: seventy-eight yen fifty . . . It was the price of Kodak No. 3A, anastigmatic lens, shutter for both time and instantaneous exposures"). Time has retouched Author Rucati's Japan without cropping any essentials in his cultural snapshots. Few writers have probed more skillfully behind the deep bow and the polite smile for that web of obligations which keep the Japanese in a fine sweat between one-upmanship and one-downmanship. Fewer still have captured the patfalls of Western emulation.

Admiral of the Sargasso

How COMMUNISTS NEGOTIATE (178 pp.)
—Admiral C. Turner Joy, U.S.N. (Ret.)
—Macmillan (\$3.50).

Communism is a philosophy of power, even when it lacks power; the West is committed to the pursuit of truth, even when it cannot be reached. When these facts are put together in a debate (which demands respect for truth) over an issue of war (which demands respect for power), the result is likely to be a Sargasso Sea of lies, confusion and boredom.

At Kaesong and Panmunjom that is just what happened. It fell to Admiral C. Turner Joy, U.S.N., as chief of the United Nations Command Delegation to the Korean Armistice Conference, to navigate this viscous ocean of incomprehension.

Admiral Joy was commander of U.S. Naval Forces in the Far East when he was detached from the happy duty of battering the enemy to the job of armistice negotiator. At the start, he still held the old-fashioned notion that a line might well be drawn at the points where the belligerents faced each other when one of them cried quits. The Reds said it should be the 38th parallel, which would have given them territory for which the Allies had paid in blood. And thus, a man who had nothing but an Annapolis education, the habit of command, and all the power of the United Nations, confronted men who had nothing but a million defeated men and Marxism.

But the Reds had several advantages. They had lost some 138,000 prisoners and did not care a damn about them. The U.N.

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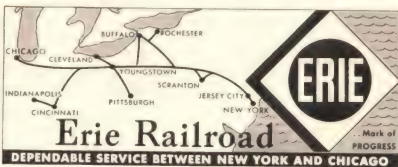
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had lost 100,000 (only 7,000 Americans) and cared desperately to keep faith with them. Given these facts, together with Communist's contempt for the ancient rules of human intercourse, the end negotiators in Korea turned a Red debate into a near victory.

In this chronicle, few facts are recorded to U.S. advantage. One war accident, another deep in the nature of man and Communism. When the U.S. delegates first went to the Kaesong truce house where the armistice negotiations took place, they casually took the no side of the table (unaware of the Oriental convention that the victor faces south) and so dismayed the face-conscious ene-




HISTORIAN JOY

Across an ocean of incomprehension

that "the Communist liaison officer actually stuttered." Thereafter the U.N. face north. Another fact was the simple proposition that almost half of the Red prisoners did not want to go home. Eighteen months were consumed in negotiation during which the Reds attempted to digress on this fact, or disguise it by allegation ("torture, massacre"), and to produce, in the very tactics they charged against the U.S., a handful of brainwashed Americans who opted for Communism.

Joy chronicles the ups and downs of the negotiations, the walkouts and comebacks, in dry language but with the color anger always showing through.

The book is a notable document of the only war the U.S. ever ended at a disadvantage. Readers may conclude that Admiral Joy deserves 1) gratitude for helping to bring the U.S. out of the negotiation as well as he did, and 2) an additional award for having endured boredom above and beyond the call of duty.



1 "City of Merced" leaves March Air Force Base, heads for Sacramento at 35,000 feet, 500 miles an hour.

2 Approaching target area, K System files B-47 on precise course, computes bombing data, releases "bomb" at proper instant.

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of Merced" earned the title of "the world's deadliest bomber crew." On one of their runs the target was the northeast corner of an industrial plant in Sacramento. Flying nearly seven miles above the earth and at a speed of nearly 500 miles an hour, the "City of Merced" dropped its "bomb" within a stone's throw of the designated target.

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System automatically navigated, flew the plane, compensated for the effects of speed, altitude and wind on the "bomb" to be dropped, and then released the "bomb" at the exact instant required to assure the direct hit.

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Bostonian on Ice

HENRY ADAMS (425 pp.)—Elizabeth Stevenson—Macmillan (\$6).

A friend of Henry Adams once twitted him on the Boston climate: "Boston was 1,387,453 years under the ice; and the Adamses came." If the Adamses were both chilly and superior, they had a great deal to be superior about. Henry's grandfather John and his grandfather John Quincy were U.S. Presidents. His father Charles Francis was Minister to the Court of St. James's (1861-68). Though he wrote two masterpieces (*Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*, *The Education of Henry Adams*), Henry Adams mocked himself as a lifelong failure, perhaps because he clung to the Confucian standard that the true superior man demands more of himself than of others.

How successful a failure he was is indicated afresh in this first full-dress biography in more than two decades.

How She Would Lash Me. As Georgia Scholar Elizabeth Stevenson tells it in her sound and sensible study, the young Adams began with precise, if not precisely great, expectations. Out of Harvard in 1858, he outlined his plan of life: "Two years in Europe, two years studying law in Boston, and then I propose to emigrate and practice at St. Louis." He came home from Europe to cast his first ballot for Abraham Lincoln and emigrate to London instead, as his father's secretary in Charles Francis Adams' ministry. Back home, in articles for the *North American Review* and the British press, Adams unlimbered his moral slingshot at corrupt politicians and robber barons with exposes of their gold manipulations and business chicaneries. He impressed President Charles Eliot of Harvard, who wanted just such an unorthodox young man to teach history.

It was at Harvard that Adams began courting a proper Bostonian named Marian Hooper. Before their marriage, Henry wrote one of the more ungallant letters in the annals of love. "The young woman . . . is certainly not handsome; nor would she be quite called plain. I think . . . She knows her own mind uncommon well . . . She is very open to instruction . . . I shall improve her. She dresses badly . . . She rules me as only American women rule men, and I cover before her, Lord! how she would lash me if she read the above description of her!"

Washington Merry-Go-Round. Adams left his Harvard post in 1877 to live in Washington and write history. He varied his heavy work with a satirical novel called *Democracy* (the *Washington Merry-Go-Round* of its day). The Adamses were on a merry-go-round themselves, furiously entertaining a charmed circle of friends, and the high-strung Marian frayed herself down to her nerve ends. Both Adamses were apparently agnostics, and their love for each other was what they had in place of God. When Marian's father sickened and died, that substitute proved not to be enough. Henry could not rally her from her brooding melancholy, and on Dec. 6,

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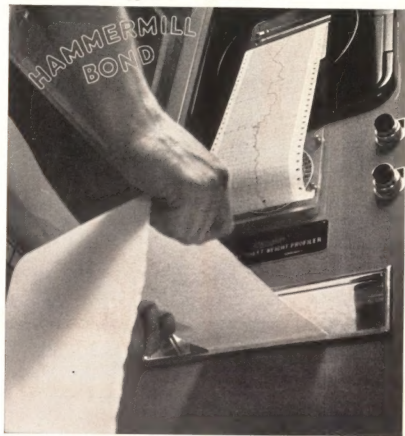
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1885 he went to her room to find her of poison.

For five years he was numb ("I became as indifferent as the Egyptian Sphinx"). Then he and his painter friend John La Farge whirled off to the South Pacific, and Adams' senses stirred. During a Samoan dance Adams had an illusion that "the girls, with . . . glistening breasts and arms, had actually come out of the sea." And "when handsomest one peels sugar cane with teeth and feeds me with chunks of . . . I have nothing more to ask."

The Virgin & the Dynamo. After a innocence. Adams could find small forgiveness for complicated civilizations. Cast back for an oasis of health and simplicity in Western experience, Adams wrote *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*—a history to medieval unity and the power of the Virgin. But for all its passion, it sounds a bleak note, with the Virgin "looking down from a deserted heaven, into empty church, on a dead faith."

Searching out a symbol for the faith of the 20th century, he found it in the names at the Paris Exposition of 1904. "It is a new century [and] electricity . . . its God . . . Gee-whacky! How it is going! It will break its damned neck. . . sit by the hour over the great dynamo, asking them—with infinite courtesy—where in Hell they are going."

Adams was an exemplar of a family but vanishing American type—the gentleman writer. Fine works have been produced by men to whom writing is not a grubby living but rather a well-bred accomplishment, like bird watching. But being independent of royalties, they are often independent of realities; there is no to be about them a certain detachment bordering on boredom. Yet at his best Adams fitted into the narrow but tremendous tradition of American pessimism, which includes such uneven literary light as Melville, Poe, Stephen Crane, Ambrose Bierce and H. L. Mencken. Adams conceded that not only the U.S. but the whole universe was going incredibly to pot. Adams the stylist gave this bleak vision a kind of sensuous grace, it was because he was a Puritan rebel guiltily frozen in the act of reaching for the rosy apper of life. Not without logic did T. S. Eliot that kindred soul of lyric despair, use Adams' description of hothouse Washington in the spring as a source for his line "In depraved May, dogwood and cherry-nut, flowering judas."

Adams' Cassandran foresights stand well today. He predicted: 1) that science would soon be able to "blow up the world," 2) that Russia and the U.S. would fill the power vacuum left by weakening England and West Europe. For years Adams went on sputtering his forebodings ("After us the deluge—or even before"). But his listeners were dropping away ("Poor Mrs. Hay has actually gone and died, which is to carry the joke too far"). He found his own name in the papers as "the late Mr. Adams." On March 27, 1918, in the second month of his 81st year, it was true.

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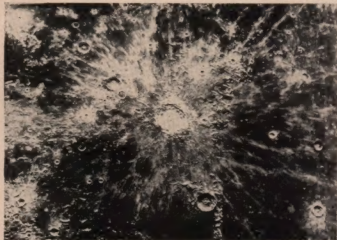
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Dust on the Moon

If man-made spaceships ever reach the moon, many space enthusiasts assume that they will find suitable landing grounds on the moon's vast, level plains. This assumption is based on the view that the lunar plains, which are made of some darker material than the rest of the moon's surface, are actually lava beds poured out from once-active volcanoes whose craters now pit the moon's surface. Recent observations, however, suggest that the moon has been a cold planet for so long that volcanic activity is not a satisfactory explanation of its topography. Instead, the belief is growing that its

agitated by thermal or electrical disturbances. If such is the case, says Gold, the dust could "flow over the surface like a liquid, running down the sides of cold craters to fill in the bottoms." Gold therefore believes that the moon's vast plains are not exposed layers of lava but oceans of fine-powdered dust that may be anything from 100 ft. to two miles in depth.

To test Gold's theories, a University of Manchester research team will shortly spend three months at the Pic du Midi observatory in the Pyrenees, measuring variations in the brightness of light on a selected section of the lunar flats. The amount of variation and polarization that occurs at different times of the lunar day



LUNAR CRATER COPERNICUS (DIAMETER: 56 MILES)
Mount Wilson Observatory
Beware of the plains.

craters were torn out by meteorites, and that the plains are huge seas of dust.

The principal exponent of this theory is Thomas Gold of Britain's Royal Greenwich Observatory. Cosmologist Gold recently developed his ideas for a British university audience. By measuring the size of the moon's craters, the slope of their sides, and the distance to which debris has been dispersed around them, Gold concluded that they were scooped out by huge meteorites bombarding the moon from outer space at speeds of 112,000 m.p.h. At the point of impact, says Gold, the moon's surface rock must have been gasified at temperatures of up to 10,000,000°C. The accompanying explosions, he thinks, dug out the craters about the impact point, often leaving a small, punctured peak in the middle.

Gold believes that dust and debris from the crater-building explosions filled in most of the older craters on the moon's surface. Since there is neither wind nor rain on the moon, the dust would stay more or less where it settled except when

will indicate whether the sun's rays are being scattered by tiny dust particles or by a solid surface. "Within two or three months we should know definitely," says Professor Zdenek Kopal, who will take charge of the experiment. Meantime, says Cosmologist Gold, spaceship pilots are advised not to land on the lunar plains.

Radioactivity from Russia

Borne on the winds that sweep out of Russia, radioactive dust from the Soviet Union's latest super H-bomb (TIME, Dec. 5) descended on its neighbors. The Dutch army reported a "high content of radioactive substances" over The Netherlands; West German scientists spoke of "an appreciable increase in radiation," and Paris' Municipal Hygiene Laboratory said that radioactivity over the city increased eight to nine times. From Tokyo came reports that rain which fell on the island of Kyushu contained 20,800 counts of radioactive particles per liter, compared with a norm of 20 to 30, and with 5,400 during last spring's U.S. tests in Nevada. Some

of the radioactive particles fell during snowfalls in the U.S. and Canada.

Some Western scientists reckoned that the Russian explosion took place in Eastern Siberia or in the Gobi desert. British scientists guessed that its intensity was in the neighborhood of 15 megatons (the most recent U.S. blast at Bikini is usually estimated at between ten and 20 megatons). Eerie newspaper headlines (and some discreet Communist prodding) led fainthearts and opposition parties in most of the affected nations to demand an immediate stop to all atomic tests everywhere. Yet even in France, where the wails were loudest, the most intense concentration of radioactivity was far below the top level that human beings can tolerate. Said the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission: "The fall-out radioactivity in the U.S. has been far below levels that would be hazardous to the health of exposed persons."

Birds in the Air

At Boston's Logan Airport one day last June, a Lockheed F-4B jet fighter blew apart during take-off. Flight mechanics were baffled until, in the engine wreckage, they found the charred carcass of a seagull. Sucked into the left air scoop as the fighter rose from the runway, the gull's body broke a fuel line, causing an excess amount of gasoline to spurt into the engine.

Similar accidents caused by birds have been plaguing airmen for years. Recently, the Air Force ordered its Flight Safety Research Section to make a nationwide survey of the problem and see what could be done to solve it. By last week the results were in, but no solution was in sight. Between Jan. 1, 1950 and June 30, 1955, FSR reported, 401 U.S. aircraft were damaged in collisions with birds.

The breakdown shows that 164 jets and 217 propeller-driven aircraft were involved in the accidents. Twenty-three of the jet collisions were classified as "major accidents," and at least one was fatal. This occurred when a bird crashed through the windshield of a Republic F-84, stunning the pilot and sending his aircraft spinning to earth. Bird-caused accidents to jets rose from eleven in 1950, twelve in 1951, to 48 in 1954, 27 in the first six months of 1955. Some have resulted from birds' nests being built overnight in the air scoop.

In its search for an effective solution, FSR considered dozens of suggestions. Among them:

- ☛ Destroying birds' eggs in the vicinity of air bases. Rejected because it might violate federal laws protecting birds.
- ☛ Using falcons to patrol airstrips. Rejected because bird lovers might protest.
- ☛ Scaring off the birds with loudspeakers. Rejected as too expensive.
- ☛ Britain's Royal Air Force, which has encountered similar problems, told FSR that it had tried scarecrows, shotguns and ultrasonic "sound" waves, all with little lasting effect. It is also trying sound recordings of "birds in anguish," and mothballs strewn near the runways.